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GOVERNOR WALKER OF GEORGIA says that he will declare martial law in Toombs County "if the regular processes of the courts fail to curb these outrages," and the chief Klucker of the Ku Klux Klan in Georgia denounces the flogging of Wimberly E. Brown by a gang of Georgians clad in flour-sacks stamped "K. K. K." Mr. Brown, an attorney, had committed the crime of assisting in the prosecution of alleged members of another hooded gang which, last July, killed one Willie Wilson. Georgia has a right to be proud of Governor Walker and to inquire whether the North does as well. New Jersey does not. Recently a State trooper tried to serve a warrant on a lonely farmer at Jutland. (The farmer was charged with maltreating his cattle, but the charge proved to be unfounded.) The farmer was suspicious and threatened the trooper; the trooper fired at him, then went back for reinforcements. Before the night was over a gang of thirty troopers had smashed every window in the farmer's home, thrown seven stink-bombs into it, killed his sister, and wounded his brother. The Governor is reported to think no investigation necessary, and the commander of the State troopers says he is proud of his men. New Jersey's officials could learn something about civilization and decency from Georgia's.

IF CONGRESS WISHES to decree the death penalty for all persons drinking liquids containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol it has the constitutional power to do so. It has not so voted, but the death penalty is being imposed. Not universally, but sufficiently to explain a large part of the hundreds of deaths from Christmas and New Year's drinking in the United States. One need not be an anti-prohibitionist to stand aghast at this policy of poisoning by a Treasury Department which lets millions of gallons of unpoisoned liquor slip out of its grasp and through its blockades. Congress has voted thirty million dollars for enforcement of prohibition; and it is difficult for us to believe that a Secretary of the Treasury with half of Mr. Mellon's brains—one who had not made millions in the distillery business—could not do a little better at enforcement without poisoning. Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler may honestly feel that prohibition is so important an issue that the Government is justified in poisoning those who violate it; few will agree. We believe that the bulk of those who voted for it in the long years of growing prohibition sentiment in this country would have recoiled in horror had they foreseen such a result of their vote.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE American marines were landed at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. Thereafter Mr. Vaca, representative in Washington of the Sacasa Government, was unable to communicate with his chiefs in Nicaragua. Naturally, he suspected and charged that Admiral Latimer was maintaining a censorship. The United Press, informed by the cable companies that messages were being held up, also suspected and charged censorship. But on December 26, again on December 27, again on December 28, and on December 29 the State Department categorically denied the charge, insisting that the United States had imposed no censorship on communications to or from the Sacasa Government. On December 30, however—we quote from the New York *Times*—"Secretary Kellogg announced that the State Department had learned that Admiral Latimer had for a time imposed a censorship, now withdrawn, on the messages of the Liberal forces in the neutral zones established by the American naval forces." Since then Secretary Kellogg has added another palpable fib to the Department's record, denying that his aide, Mr. Olds, secretly sought to induce the press associations to spread irresponsible anti-Mexican propaganda. Isn't it time for somebody to resign?

MEXICO HAS DELAYED action against the oil companies which took Secretary Kellogg's advice and refused to register in accordance with Mexican law. The State Department, consequently, is marking time, although the dispatches credit Secretary Kellogg with a head full of plans and schemes of reprisal. But why all the pother? The Foreign Policy Association sanely recalls that Article 21 of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, confirmed in the 1908 convention between the United States and Mexico, reads in part as follows:

> A resort shall not . . . be had, to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind . . . until the government of that [country] which deems itself aggrieved shall have

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> maturely considered in the spirit of peace and good neighborship whether it would not be better that such differences should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party it shall be acceded to by the other unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the differences or the circumstances of the case.

Why not arbitrate instead of growling?

ELIHU ROOT'S BRIEF ADDRESS in accepting the $25,000 award of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation was an impressive plea in behalf of the League of Nations and the World Court.

> These institutions [he said] have been teaching the people of Europe to think in terms of peace rather than in terms of war. They have been teaching them by actual practice, by things done, to think of conference instead of war. . . . The question of war or peace for the next generation is being settled now, today, by the character and habits of thought and feeling, the standards of conduct which the people of the world are learning to guide them in the exigencies of the future. . . . We, the great peace-loving people, what have we done to help in this wonderful new work? No sympathy, no moral support, no brotherhood.

Some of us still believe that the United States does well, while cooperating in conference and discussion, to stand aloof from the political structure of a League which is tied to the Treaty of Versailles, dominated by the colonial Powers of Europe, and excludes Soviet Russia. But there is no place for a holier-than-thou spirit in an America which snarls at Mexico, lands troops in Nicaragua, refuses even to recognize the existence of Soviet Russia, denies independence to the Philippines, and, while sending warships to mount guard, takes no action to remedy the injustices of the Powers' position in China.

MUSSOLINI SHOWS HIMSELF at once a lion and a lamb. He roars that the state is supreme, that Italy must be once more an empire, that Rome must be again the Rome of the Caesars, that "Italy and Germany are the only two great countries in Europe which the peace treaties left without a place in the colony sun." At the same time Italy is making friends—on paper. With Albania, with Greece, with Spain, with Germany, with one neighbor and another treaties are being drawn up, all more or less similar in content to the Italian-Albanian treaty published this week in our International Relations Section. The treaties are made for commerce, to define national boundaries, but more commonly are merely documents to declare and maintain a spirit of amity between two nations. The contracting parties agree to arbitrate questions of difference between them, to "lend each other mutual support and cordial cooperation," even to "refrain from concluding with other Powers any . . . agreements prejudicial to the interests of the other party." What Mussolini expects to gain from this combination of soft words and veiled threats it is impossible to say. So far no such agreements have been concluded with England or France; French troops are still concentrated on the border, and the most important treaty of all, that drawn up with Yemen, bordering on Arabia and the Hejaz, opens up for Rome an important sphere of influence in direct conflict with Great Britain. This last prize, indeed, was snatched from under England's nose; it is directly opposite Italian Northeast Africa and in 1925 the exchanges between the two countries exceeded 60,000,000 lire.

ENGLAND IS LEARNING from America. During the recent coal strike hundreds of workers were imprisoned for union activities under the guise of "unlawful assembly," "advocating mass pickets," "being in possession of a pamphlet advocating mass picketing," and for putting forward a group of proposals adopted by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain which included the calling out of safety men from the mines. All this has a familiar ring; the only differences from similar repressive measures in America are, first, that the workers are heard and sentenced in mass trials, and, second, that the sentences range from thirty days in prison to six months' hard labor. Doubtless England too will soon learn to impose sentences of ten or twenty years in the penitentiary, with solitary confinement, bread and water, and other frills thrown in for good measure. Meanwhile the Labor Press Service, in its yearly summary of labor statistics, reports an increase in unemployment of nearly 40 per cent; a rise in the number of recipients of poor relief from 37 per thousand to 61, a weekly decrease of more than £50,000 in wages and a lowering of British export trade from £657 millions in nine months of 1924 to £646 millions in 1925 and £549 millions in 1926. The Chancellor of the Exchequer optimistically predicted a budget surplus for the year of £4,000,000; instead a deficit of £175,000,000 is now looked for. The struggle in England between capital and labor will doubtless go on, but it costs the country dear.

THE UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS in San Francisco recently handed down its verdict in favor of S. G. Pandit, a naturalized Hindu, whose papers the State Department attempted to revoke. Prior to the Supreme Court decision in 1923, that Hindus were ineligible to citizenship in this country, the lower courts maintained a contrary position, and a few dozen Hindus were accordingly naturalized. Among them was Mr. Pandit, who in the course of the years was admitted to the bar, married an American woman, and played his part as a useful and public-spirited citizen. Suddenly the State Department—or some crabbed official of the Department—determined to apply the Supreme Court decision retroactively. It refused to recognize as valid citizenship papers obtained in good faith prior to the decision and started proceedings to denaturalize the few Hindus who had been naturalized. Mr. Pandit's has become the test case. Already two federal courts have honorably ruled that it would be inequitable to deprive him of citizenship honestly obtained and properly exercised. If the Government persists, the case will now go to the Supreme Court, but the State Department would do well to cease petty persecution and accept the verdict.

THE FIGHT AGAINST CHILD LABOR is by no means won. The report of the Chief of the Children's Bureau to the Secretary of Labor has some interesting material on legislation proposed or defeated during the past year. The law in Louisiana, for example, which permits a maximum eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week for children under 16, carries with it no educational requirement for working children, and an attempt to incorporate such regulations failed. In Massachusetts a bill compelling supplementary school attendance for working children between 14 and 16 was defeated; in New Jersey a measure to raise the educational requirement for children between 14 and 16 failed to pass; in New York laws protecting minors in night work

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and strengthening the law prohibiting children from work in dangerous occupations failed; in Rhode Island, where a nine-hour day and a fifty-four-hour week for children under 16 is now legal, a measure to decrease this requirement to eight and forty-eight hours was defeated. In New York, Virginia, and Massachusetts among others, bills to lengthen hours, to permit night work of minors, to lower the age for required attendance at continuation schools, and to permit employment of 12-year-old boys outside school hours without employment certificates were proposed and discussed.

WHO CAN POSSIBLY DESPAIR of our republic? There are ever alert citizens to keep our institutions intact. Headed by one George Bond Ellison, a commercial promoter, a drive is on in Chicago to endow a $2,000,000 American Citizenship Foundation, to control and supervise speakers at all church and public forums, lecture courses, women's club meetings, etc., etc. These patriots, determined that only the purest gospel shall be promulgated, have established a blacklist both of persons and organizations—such as the League for Industrial Democracy, the League of Women Voters, the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties, and even the American Association of University Women and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Among the individuals, Jane Addams is listed as "the third most dangerous person in America"; the editor of *The Nation* appears; so do Norman Hapgood, Sherwood Eddy, Kirby Page, Morris Hillquit, Mary McDowell, Robert Morss Lovett. Who would not chip in on a two-million-dollar fund to keep these heretics silent? Just how the fund is to be expended is not made clear—whether they propose to use merely the income or to endow the various speakers on condition that they speak no more. We recommend the latter method as being the most agreeable, practical, and surely effective.

OUR COLLEGES ARE NOT BECOMING more reactionary if the attitude of the students at the Milwaukee conference of college Christian associations may be taken as typical. In spite of an oversupply of dull religious addresses the students displayed the keenest interest in social reconstruction. They probed candidly into their own racial prejudices; they were openly hostile to the R. O. T. C. They expressed advanced ideas on imperialism and industrial injustice; 327 students stood up to declare that they would never support another war. Eight hundred, the great majority of those voting, condemned as morally wrong the present economic system of production for private profit rather than for use; 592 voted for a cooperative economic order in which the workers should share in the control of their industries; only 38 believed that the present economic system conformed even in a rough way to Christian principles. This veering toward the left in economic thought is especially notable in view of the fact that no industrial challenge was presented by the regular speakers. The intensive work of recent years on local campuses by liberal Y. M. C. A. leaders and by the workers for the League for Industrial Democracy is at last bearing fruit.

COLONEL STEPHEN PARK, head of the National Reserve Officers' Association, attended the Milwaukee conference but did not like it. "The speakers who addressed the conference Thursday," he told the Milwaukee *Journal*, "and others in this country who are purveying similar anti-militaristic doctrine are getting their salaries direct from Moscow." Russia, he seemed to believe, expels Y. M. C. A. secretaries from within its borders but hires them in America. If Colonel Park does not repudiate the charge we suggest that the student departments of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. attempt, through the courts, to assess a heavy contribution upon him. Peace organizations have been far too generous in letting any man in uniform talk nonsense about them. Occasional persons take the ravings of these military propagandists seriously, and let their blacklists prevail. The Reserve Officers' Association, which represents the bitter-enders of military propaganda, might show a greater inclination toward accuracy if its chief were compelled to pay in the form of damages for libel the salaries of a few Y. M. C. A. secretaries who do not receive a subsidy from Moscow.

ADVOCATES OF THEATRICAL CENSORSHIP are again on the warpath. Mayor Walker and District Attorney Banton both threaten violent measures unless "something is done" and the assumption behind their agitation is that the general public believes itself outraged by current dramatic fare. Yet during the present season the Citizens Play Jury—a body composed of representative citizens which may be called upon to judge any entertainment against which complaints have been received—has not condemned a single play and the only legitimate conclusion to be drawn from its failure to act is that representative citizens do not believe the New York stage needs censoring. *The Nation* believes that the play jury represents the least objectionable form of censorship so far suggested because it puts the matter in the hands of the public rather than in those of the professional reformer; to call this jury a failure is to admit that the ideals of the agitators are not those of the public at large. To displace it by any form of official censorship would be frankly to violate the democratic principle and to set up the standards of a fanatical class in place of those which the *mores* of our society maintain.

IN 2100 B. C. Abraham went with his father and his wife from Ur of the Chaldees to seek a new land. Excellently made walls of burnt brick are still standing in Ur, some of them rising twenty feet from the ground, say the members of an expedition into Mesopotamia undertaken jointly by the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The houses were comfortable, evidently of two stories, and the ceilings were high. No decorations remain, but we are to believe that they were there in abundance; and the archaeologists have actually succeeded in digging out of the ancient interiors a number of tablets bearing inscriptions more nourishing to the imagination than the receipts, contracts, and business memorandums which hitherto have been the sole fruit of investigation. We await the deciphering of these tablets with interest, for they promise to reveal a people who had human tongues as well as hands. To be sure, some of the inscriptions are nothing more than tables of square and cube roots; but with an effort we might be made to hear Chaldean boys droning their exercises in more or less pure mathematics. And Leonard Woolley, director of the expedition, gives us his word that hymns have been found. The silence of that long-obliterated world may yet be broken by sounds somewhat in the key achieved by the lyrical descendants of Abraham and Sarah.

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Wanted—An Opposition

LET no one make any mistake—that government which is without an able opposition is in a bad way. Only the superficial can behold a situation such as we now have in Washington and believe that it is a cause for satisfaction. It is idle to boast of an "era of good-will," of the absence of pressing issues, of the lack of radical political proposals. The truth is that the Government flounders because it is not subjected to the process of forging and defending its policies under the fire of vigorous political criticism in the national legislature. It is not even compelled to develop policies; leaderless, it drifts unsteeled by vigorous parliamentary challenge, with the result that unsolved issues and problems stack up mountain high. The average Wall Street man is delighted because Mr. Coolidge seems to be letting well enough alone. To that he credits the fact that 1926 was for much of the population, including those closest to him, a year of extraordinary material prosperity; and the business man is quite willing to declare a political moratorium if he can only make hay a little while longer—throughout 1927 at least.

Now, this policy of drift, or refusing to face any issue until compelled to, is a symptom of weakness. No strong personality in responsible office consents to play such a role. He teems with suggestions, whether his name be Cleveland or Roosevelt or Wilson. He burns to achieve certain reforms; he compels his fellow-citizens to an examination of the existing conditions; and he brings about that lusty political discussion, that normal political advancement, which alone bespeaks health in the body politic. Marking time, drifting, ignoring vital issues like the present plight of agriculture, or the application of temporary political palliatives, is a sign of unhealth. It is idle to think that there can ever be a time when there will be no need of readjustment, reform, remedial legislation—of change. Our economic structure alters too rapidly to permit our political life to become static. So those citizens who rejoice in political stagnation court a rough awakening; the bill will be presented in due time and it is likely to be larger than now appears.

Meanwhile Mr. Coolidge drifts, drifts, and Congress no longer takes very seriously such proposals as he makes. Run over his messages and note the list of recommendations to which Congress has turned a deaf ear—from the World Court to the Turkish treaty and the treaty outlawing poison gas. Who remembers his message of a year ago, advocating a grant of emergency powers to deal with a coal shortage—although a new soft-coal strike is in the offing; urging us to join the World Court and to transfer Muscle Shoals to private ownership; suggesting a new disarmament conference? He talks and talks and talks; men applaud him but no one heeds him.

Scandals, investigations, inquiries into corruption, the unseating of United States Senators pile up unheeded on every hand, while in international affairs Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg are, by their policies in Nicaragua and Mexico, solidifying Latin America against us. And there you have the clearest proof of the need of a political opposition and the immediate effect of even slight criticism upon those in charge of our foreign policies. Senator Borah had only to intimate to the correspondents that he was not happy about our Nicaragua procedure, and for three days the doubts of this one man constituted the leading political "story" of the metropolitan press. The State Department and the White House fell into a state of panic at the prospect that one honest man might subject to sane scrutiny our bellicose and bullying interference in Nicaragua. The White House bleated; if there were to be long debates over Nicaragua the appropriation bills could not be passed and a special session would be inevitable—and what could be worse than that? Mr. Kellogg left the State Department, hurried to the Capitol, and laid his secret dispatches before the Senator, who seems, for the moment, to have been mollified thereby—though why we cannot understand.

That was not all. The President, at the close of the year, addressed the usual biweekly gathering of the correspondents with an earnest appeal to the press to stand by the Government's foreign policies. He made it clear enough that he was frightened to find that the dailies of the country were not with the Administration in its procedure in Nicaragua and Mexico. Critical opposition alarmed him. Curiously, it was just after Elihu Root, that veteran Republican leader, had denounced his party's and his country's policies in Europe that Mr. Coolidge sounded the tocsin "Stand by the President." So plaintive was his plea to the correspondents that his policies were truly and consistently American that for once the old lie of the "Presidential Spokesman" was abandoned; the New York *Times* rightly attributed his remarks to the President himself.

If such is Mr. Coolidge's terror when confronted with Mr. Root's and Mr. Borah's activity and an unorganized press opposition, what would be his plight if he confronted a compact, united opposition in Congress, steeped in principle and determined to subject to the minutest cross-examination that foreign policy which already means hostilities in Nicaragua and may precipitate war in Mexico; which, in China, spells a wabbling incompetency? Is it not plain from these Presidential terrors that Mr. Coolidge and his policies would fairly crumble if they were subjected to searching analysis, to such plain speaking as meets Mr. Baldwin's political conduct in the debates of the House of Commons? The myths of a strong Coolidge, a wise Coolidge, a constructive Coolidge, would collapse overnight were he to face energetic group opposition. But the Democratic Party is more than ever negligible today. It is without direction; it breaches its own principles oftener even than its adversaries—the only thing that lends to it passing interest is the question whether "Al" Smith will get the Presidential nomination or some political nobody. The Congressional opposition is still centered in the little group of Progressive Republicans, and even they fail to coordinate their activities and—perforce, perhaps—let slip important issues. The Cape Cod Canal swindle went through with hardly a peep of protest, and there are rumors that though Illinois's Mr. Smith will be barred from the Senate Pennsylvania's Mr. Vare will be admitted.

Two and a half years ago the country was solemnly warned against the danger to our institutions from a third party. Far greater, far closer to us, is the menace of a one-party government. That is the real danger today.

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The Decline of Europe

FOR two centuries Europe has dominated the earth. We ourselves, in the beginning, were a mere outpost of Europe. But times have changed. The power and position of America in the world today are one witness of the fact; statistics compiled for the coming Economic Conference at Geneva tell another part of the story. Comparing 1925 with 1913 these figures show that whereas Europe's production of foodstuffs and raw materials has increased less than 5 per cent, her foreign trade has fallen by 6 per cent, while Asia's production has gained 20 per cent and her trade 36 per cent, and North America has gained 26 per cent in production and 37 per cent in foreign trade. One may say that this is the fault of the war, and think that the world will placidly resume its pre-war ways. Yet perhaps the war was but a chapter in a story which, half-noticed, was writing itself before that cataclysm brought sudden ruin to the old continent.

Why, after all, should Europe dominate the world? What is there in the air and soil or in the population of that stretch of earth that borders the eastern shore of the Atlantic Ocean to give it a right to control the highways and byways of all the rest of the globe? The racial stock has been scattered. Its most enterprising members have gone forth, part to settle the unsettled continents, part to develop trade with the richly settled East. Its mineral resources, if not exhausted, are at least sadly depleted. Whatever special technical capacity it may have it has by now shared with all the rest of the world.

History, looked at in the large, records no lasting predominance of the European peoples. Four or five centuries ago they started voyaging with a zest and persistence such as voyagers had never had before; and accordingly they discovered lost or unknown continents and began the development of the prodigious international trade of today. Within the last two centuries they have spread their political control over the rest of the earth's peoples. But what are two centuries, or even four or five, in the history of the earth—what can they tell of the capacities of a race? China's civilization is four or five millenniums old; and throughout that immense period, century by century, she had a richer civilization to boast of than Western Europe—until the puny fragment of time which has elapsed since the Industrial Revolution gave the West its present driving power. Today the West, having conquered the East, has also given it the weapons with which to reassert its ancient preeminence. Russians, schooled in Germany and America, travel as advisers with Chiang Kai-shek's Cantonese armies; a British general buys in Japan supplies for Chang Tso-lin's Mukden arsenal; Americans direct the technical work of the Kiangnan arsenal; General Wood is giving the youth of the Philippines military training; and Mussolini's gun-laden merchant ships are ready to sell to any buyer. Where we have superiority—in military science, in technical processes—we are selling out to the East as fast as the East can afford to purchase.

A new tide is running. Here in America we have never properly appreciated the historic significance of Turkey's successful struggle for freedom. There are still blind men among us who would refuse to ratify a treaty accepting Turkey's denunciation of the shackling capitulations, not realizing what has happened. Today China is following in Turkey's steps. Great Britain, beaten by Canton's year-long boycott of her goods, has made a sudden reversal of policy, and offered to agree to steps which a year ago she contemptuously refused—and, more significant still, the Chinese today refuse her offers of compromise as too slight. The French, meanwhile, explain their refusal to go along with the British by saying that they cannot afford to be associated with hated England in China! A quarter century ago the Powers, by a short military expedition, brought the old Chinese Empire to its knees. Today they are rightly afraid to try force on chaotic young China—the sturdy child has in the interim learned too much about force.

If China follows Turkey she will not act for herself alone. India, another vast continent-nation with a population more than twice that of the United States, seethed with the reaction from Turkey's awakening, and is not blind or deaf to what is happening in China. All the Eastern people which are tied to the apron-strings of the white West are watching China's struggle with passionate sympathy.

Nor is this battle for freedom confined to the political sphere. England's industrial depression is partly due to the fact that India has learned to manufacture her own cotton. China, too, is struggling toward industrial independence. There are fewer British cotton mills in China today than there were five years ago, and every six years China is doubling the number of her spindles. Despite her civil wars her customs revenues in 1926 were greater than in 1925. Increasingly the economic basis of the white imperial system is breaking down. Men will manufacture closer to the sources of raw materials, instead of cluttering the channels of trade by passing everything through Europe.

Those masses of Americans who turn away from Europe do not, perhaps, think out these things. But theirs may be the truer instinct, after all. Europe is not a dead or even a dying continent, but its great day is passing. Probably never again will it hold such a position in the world's affairs as it did just before it set about cutting its own throat in 1914. A new world is coming into being. The future of Latin America is still uncertain; but in the decades immediately ahead Asia and North America are certain to play roles of growing importance in the world's affairs; and they may do well not to involve themselves too intimately in the struggles of a tired continent to retain an impossible preeminence.

Authors with Lanterns

As Diogenes went about with a lantern to seek an honest man, so does Barukh Jonas, author, inventor, and lecturer, travel *on foot* with his two-wheeled camping outfit to seek intellectually inclined men and women. He is an independent writer, and his work, although quite simple, can be understood and appreciated only by one person out of ten thousand. And he is making it his business to find that extremely small minority. . . .

While passing through your city Barukh Jonas will permit himself to call on you. He would like to deliver in your locality a lecture entitled The Feast of the Cannibals, which is an exposition of the Intellectualistic Idea. And he wants somebody to make the necessary arrangements.

WHETHER Mr. Jonas has arrived in New York we know not, nor do we know that he intends coming here. But we received this notice a few weeks ago and we have been waiting for news of him. Perhaps there is as little hope of seeing Mr. Jonas's cart as there is of catching a gleam from Diogenes's lantern—though "with that cart,"

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writes Mr. Jonas, "propelled by myself and made conspicuous by a flamboyant sign, I shall pass through every State of the Union and shall bring my despised art and thought directly to the people." Perhaps after all this is only a figure of speech gilding Mr. Jonas's real message, which is that certain ideas of his are going to circulate in spite of every obstacle, including complete indifference, placed before them by a sorry world.

What interests us in Mr. Jonas, with whom we have corresponded, is that his writings are despised by publishers and that he has done something about it. He has published his own books—the latest one, "The Roof of the Palace," having been printed out in his own finely regular hand and then blue-printed (pp. 180: $3). A copy has come to us from Maumee, Ohio, which is the permanent address of Mr. Jonas; and nothing could more forcibly remind us of the stubborn will in human beings to express themselves. With the example of Mr. Jonas before us we can have little use for those thinkers who, when their works have been generally rejected, whine that they are misunderstood and say no more. We remember that Laurence Sterne paid for the printing of the first part of "Tristram Shandy" and that Walt Whitman did likewise for "Leaves of Grass"; we remember, more recently, the first edition of Robinson Jeffers's now famous poems. The roll of the courageous is long and honorable, and Barukh Jonas, we do not doubt, belongs somewhere upon it. His ideas we must leave to the philosophers, who, we hope, will write to Maumee not only for this book but for five which preceded it.

Of late—leaving out of account the stream of poetry always pouring in from private American presses—we have been most frequently favored with irregular books from France. France promises indeed to become for England and America what Holland was for both England and France in the seventeenth century. At one time anything could be printed at Amsterdam in the language of its author; and it begins to look as if any book in English can find a publisher now in France. The supreme example, of course, is Joyce's "Ulysses"; but there are also the books of Gertrude Stein and the volumes issued from the Contact Press. The other day a new exile made himself known to us. W. W. Strickland, British author of some forty-odd volumes, each one of which, apparently, was inspired by a profound hatred of Anglo-Saxon civilization and religion, sent us six of his books that had been reprinted at Marseilles and elsewhere. These six, we are given to understand, along with a number of others cannot enter the British Isles to be read; knowing customs officials as we do, we are not surprised, though we can be sorry for a nation which is not permitted to hear what its most discontented member thinks of it. Mr. Strickland writes that he has voluntarily surrendered his English identity and become a citizen of Czecho-Slovakia. But he writes from Marseilles; and in his highly regular and peppery way he no doubt will go on hating England from everywhere.

We pay our respects to Messrs. Jonas, Strickland, et al., and remind ourselves that it is dangerous business for critics to scoff at ideas because they come in carts, or at books because they do not bear the imprint of regular publishers. These latter come frequently to *The Nation*, and though we read most of them with disappointment, we are invariably eager as we unwrap them. In one of them some time we may discover not an author but a man, not a book but a lantern.

What Does the War Lord Mean?

DWIGHT F. DAVIS, Secretary of War, has raised more questions than he has answered in his letter to John Nevin Sayre, Vice-Chairman of the Committee on Militarism in Education. Mr. Sayre wrote to the Secretary saying that on a recent speaking trip in opposition to compulsory military training in the colleges he encountered definite interference from Lieutenant Colonel George Chase Lewis, stationed in Oklahoma City with the Ninety-sixth Division of Infantry. Mr. Sayre had promised to address students of the University of Oklahoma at Norman on December 9. Previous to his coming Colonel Lewis wrote to President Bizzell, saying that Mr. Sayre was advocating a Bolshevist program and concluding: "I trust you will be able to curtail pernicious activities at Norman." A group of students which had tried to arrange a meeting for Mr. Sayre under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of the university were unable to obtain its facilities and so Mr. Sayre spoke in the Presbyterian church, off the campus. Colonel Lewis came to the meeting and denounced Mr. Sayre.

> I should like to know [wrote Mr. Sayre to Secretary Davis] whether you consider it a proper function of an army officer to attempt to shut off free speech for peace in universities, Y. M. C. A.'s, and even churches. . . . Finally, may I ask if the War Department does not take energetic measures to restrain Lieutenant Colonel Lewis and others in activities similar to the case mentioned, will I not be justified in charging that the War Department is responsible for the campaign of defamation of character and attempt to repress free speech for peace, in which its subordinates are engaged?

In reply to Mr. Sayre Secretary Davis wrote:

> It is contrary to the policy of the War Department to make adverse criticism of any individual or organization and no army officer has the right to speak for the War Department contrary to its established policy.
>
> On the other hand, it appears that Colonel Lewis was expressing his individual views as a citizen and that he did not even inferentially imply that he was expressing the views of the War Department.
>
> It is manifestly beyond the power of the War Department and, if possible, it would be obviously opposed to the principle of freedom of speech for the War Department to attempt to control all expressions of opinion that officers of the army may make as private citizens.
>
> I can assure you that the War Department has never attempted, directly or indirectly, to repress free speech on any subject whatsoever, either by those who favor or those who oppose its policies.

If Colonel Lewis was expressing merely "individual views as a citizen," how did he come to sign himself "Lt. Col. U. S. Infantry, Oklahoma City"? And has Mr. Davis never heard of the case of Captain Paxton Hibben of the Officers' Reserve Corps? How did it happen that Captain Hibben, who was not in the active service of the War Department at all at the time and was earning his livelihood as a civilian, was haled before a court of inquiry for advocating the recognition of Russia by the United States?

Mr. Davis may genuinely wish the War Department to be for free speech; we hope so. But the war machine which he only temporarily and partially controls acts otherwise. Its autocratic spirit and tradition is one of the outstanding perils to America.

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Drawn by Harry S. Bressler

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Poison Gas, 1915-1926

German Atrocity—American Necessity

By H. S. VILLARD

WHEN on April 22, 1915, the Germans introduced poison gas into modern warfare, an outraged world protested indignantly at such utter "ruthlessness." Resentment, we may remember, was unbridled at the use of these "new and terrible vapors" which, as the New York *Times* hastened to note, caused sufferings "of a severity unparalleled in the annals of conflict."

Though in some few quarters development of the "chemists' battle" was regarded as an inevitable step in the progress of scientific warfare, and therefore to be considered philosophically, the opinion of the press was as a whole denunciatory. Many looked upon poison gas as a reversion to barbarism, a violation of every written or unwritten code of combat. As all the participants in the World War previous to our entry had ratified the Hague agreement of 1899 never to use asphyxiating gases, the sudden employment of chlorine and phosgene against the French lines was bitterly received as merely one more scrap of paper.

In a leading editorial entitled More German Savagery the New York *Tribune*, in May, 1915, scathingly attacked the new weapon:

> If poisonous gases can be used in warfare the way is opened to a general relapse to ancient methods of savagery. Germany . . . has taken the lead in this war in cutting loose from the salutary restraints which civilization has put on military brutality;

while the Washington *Times* cried ironically that

> apparently every policy of the aggressors in this war is aimed to bring about a situation in which every shred of faith and confidence as among nations will be destroyed.

Chemical warfare in all its abhorrent detail was made vivid for us by artist as well as journalist. Louis Raemaekers, in his famous "Cartoon History of the World War," was responsible for a heartrending picture of poison gas victims in their death agony, which did as much as anything else, perhaps, to stir up the most intense kind of feeling. A *Daily Mail* dispatch from British Headquarters on May 28, 1915, prominently reprinted here, reported that

> Doctors at this casualty clearing station tell terrible stories of awful scenes. . . . "It would have brought tears to your eyes," a doctor said, "to see those splendid men, great brawny fellows, many of them tearing at their throats, rending their tunics, screaming to us in hoarse, rattling voices to put them out of their misery. Many were in semi-comatose state . . . they slipped from pillows propping them up and began to strangle."

Censure abroad was even more vituperative than here. The London *Spectator* burst out

> The Germans have not scrupled to resort to a truly diabolical use of chemical science, and to discharge at their opponents weapons which cause . . . agonizing suffering and permanent injury. . . . By the consent of all men who are not savages, the use of poison is ruled out in war, and has been prohibited by custom for centuries. . . . Such deviltry is, of course, a sign of desperation.

Claiming that the Germans had only adopted a device originally invented in England, "and by England rejected as too horrible to be entertained even for use against an enemy," the *Candid Quarterly Review* of Thomas Gibson Bowles characterized gas as "no lawful warfare."

> No Hague Convention can make it lawful; no honorable soldier can consider it justifiable; nor even if it be the highest triumph of the better chemist that can make it excusable.

With such widespread indictment of poison gas only eleven years ago, the almost complete reversal of world attitude today is well-nigh incredible. Before the end of the war, gas had become accepted as an adjunct of all the armies; recent utterances show a proclivity not only to condone but to encourage this form of armament.

At Germany's suggestion the Geneva Arms Traffic Conference, ending June 17, 1925, voted to outlaw gas in future warfare. The protocol which the United States signed at that time will come up for ratification in the next Senate. But even a year ago the Chicago *Evening Post* said

> [abolishing poison gas] . . . is urged, probably, because of the prevalent popular opinion that [it] is a barbarous method of warfare, fraught with extraordinary horror. As a matter of fact, it is no more barbarous than bayonets, machine-guns, grenades, and high explosives, and not half so deadly.
>
> Nor would prohibition of the use of poison gas—to our way of thinking an absurdity as long as every form of explosive is countenanced and war itself is recognized—prove of any practical value. Methods of warfare will never be controlled by international agreement.

And the Chicago *Tribune* asserted that "Contrasted with other weapons . . . gas is eminently humane . . . far less horrible both in immediate and ultimate consequence," and maintained that opposition was "founded . . . upon a sentimental fallacy as to the inhumanity of gas."

That chemical interests in this country are afraid of limitations on their product, which would interfere with the commercial aspects of the industry, is a possible contribution to the new anxiety to belittle the effects of gas. In an address at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last August, James F. Norris, president of the American Chemical Society, deprecated the "sentiment and not knowledge" which was behind the women's organizations opposed to chemical warfare. Dr. Charles H. Hertz, president of the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers' Association, agreed that the public had been led astray in this regard.

Colonel C. F. Brigham, of the Chemical Warfare Service, before the American Chemical Society at Philadelphia in September, asserted that the "fear of chemical warfare weapons" was "unfounded." "Mustard gas in the late war produced only twenty-nine casualties for each ton used, and of these only one death was caused for every ton and a half used." "And why," asked the *Independent* on September 4, 1926, "should gas be so maligned a weapon?" Most of its partisans take for granted that we are to have other wars. W. Lee Lewis, inventor of the deadly Lewisite, adopts the view that chemical preparedness is the most economical of all and therefore a road to lower taxation. In a previous number of the *Independent* he quotes official figures to show that less than 2 per cent of the American gas casualties died, that only twenty-nine of our men were actually blinded, and that the prophesied after-dangers of being gassed have not been borne out.

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Chemical Warfare, a New Industry

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

BEFORE the World War the Krupps, the United States Steel Corporation, and the steel magnates of other nations directed and controlled the business of national defense. Armament was a matter of tonnage, of gun and shell-weight and numbers. To a considerable extent, that still holds true today. But a change is coming; and the recent shelving, in the Senate, of the innocuous poison-gas treaty was an unmistakable demonstration of the rise, power, and growth of the new bosses of war—the chemists.

Not more than three years ago, the Senate without a dissenting voice approved the Washington disarmament treaty, wherein was contained a protocol, exactly similar to the Geneva pact it sent back to committee on December 13, condemning the use of poison gas in warfare. The reason for the change of views was the National Chemical Defense Association, with the following members on its board of directors:

> Howard Coonley, a manufacturer of Boston, who was vice-president of the United States Shipping Board during the war; George B. Dryden, president of the Dryden Rubber Company, of Chicago, vice-president; Waldemar Kops, New York manufacturer, vice-president; J. F. Norris, president of the American Chemical Society and professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, vice-president; Perry W. Weidner, Los Angeles, vice-president; directors, J. H. Matthews, chairman of the department of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin; J. E. Zanetti, professor of chemistry at Columbia University and during the war a colonel in the chemical warfare service and now a reserve officer in that branch; William J. Hale, head of the chemical branch of the National Research Council and formerly connected with the Dow Chemical Company, of Midland, Michigan; W. Lee Lewis, director of scientific research of the Institute of American Meat Packers, Chicago; Marsten T. Bogert, professor of chemistry at Columbia University; Wilder D. Bancroft, consulting chemist and professor of chemistry at Cornell University; R. T. Haslam, consulting chemist and professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; A. S. Loevenhart, consulting chemist and professor of pharmacology and toxicology at the University of Wisconsin; and Washington Platt, manager of the Merrell Soule Company, of Syracuse, New York.

All of the foregoing are members of the American Chemical Society.

The National Chemical Defense Association was organized for the immediate purpose of defeating the Geneva protocol. Its permanent task will be to further the interests of chemicals as war weapons. It will lend civilian aid and financial succor to that super-military agitator, Major General Amos A. Fries, chief of the chemical warfare service. Its founders, according to its secretary, Colonel John Thomas Taylor, reserve officer of the chemical warfare service, were Messrs. Dryden and Kops. Colonel Taylor is the authority for the statement that these two men were actuated solely by patriotic motives in founding the Chemical Defense Association.

According to his account they appealed to him to suggest something they could do in these days of peace to prepare for future wars, and he being a reserve officer in the chemical service as well as vice-chairman of the national legislative committee of the American Legion, and thus being acquainted on all sides, earnestly advised them to raise the necessary money to bring about a chemical defense group. This was done and Colonel Taylor became treasurer and spokesman for the lobby of the chemical manufacturers. He associated with himself as secretary of the organization Colonel E. B. Clark, a former newspaperman, and member of the National Press Club Post of the American Legion. The services of Thomas R. Shipp, Inc., a Washington publicity firm, were secured and the outfit was ready and anxious to do business.

Authoritative stories written by Colonel Clark and quoting Colonel Taylor were released, declaring that the American Legion at its forthcoming annual convention in Philadelphia was going to enact a resolution condemning the poison-gas treaty. Later when the resolution, without real debate, was shoved through at a business session of the convention when the great mass of Legionnaires were away, it was the Shipp company which broadcast copies of the resolution accompanied by a press release recounting its importance. Later, it was this same company which, under the caption "Authorized, and distribution requested by Colonel John Thomas Taylor, legislative committee of the American Legion," sent out releases making known the fact that the military surgeons and various military orders were against the treaty.

Publicity was not the only activity of the Chemical Defense Association. It was responsible for the utter silence of the War and Navy departments, both parties to the treaty, a silence which one leading Republican Senator characterized as "double-crossing the President." This Senator declared that had these two departments been loyal to their commander, the President, and supported him instead of secretly opposing him, his wishes as expressed in his annual message to Congress that the treaty be ratified would have been realized, instead of being brusquely disregarded.

The Chemical Association used the American Legion in other ways as a smoke-screen for its propaganda. Senator Borah and other Senators declared they received hundreds of protesting communications, practically all from American Legion posts and from Legionnaires, and all patently inspired. Personal interviews and pressure were also resorted to, with the result that although the Senate three years before had unanimously approved a similar pact, that the President and leader of his party had a few days previous voiced the desire that it be ratified, and lastly that the protocol was made a part of the Geneva treaty at the initiative of Representative Theodore Burton, chief American delegate to the conference, the treaty, innocuous though it was, was rejected.

Two things stand out clear in this episode: the shame of the American Legion and the rising power and domination of the chemical interests. Of the latter there have been of late many demonstrations; and of the former, well may Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., himself a Legionnaire, the chairman of the committee of three which drew up the preamble to the Legion's constitution, say—

> I deplore the fact that the last American Legion should have permitted itself to be rushed into the adoption of a hasty and ill-considered resolution after a one-sided debate in favor of the use of poison gas as a recognized and lawful weapon in time of war. . . . The Legion is a civilian organization composed of veterans to make right the master of might and to "promote peace and good-will on earth." It was not organized for purposes of war and trying to prevent humane agreements among nations to mitigate the horrors of war.

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Mussolini Chokes the Press

By GAETANO SALVEMINI

FREEDOM of the press was guaranteed in Italy by the constitution of 1848, to which the present King, like his three predecessors, took the oath of allegiance on his accession in 1900. In the first years of Fascist domination (1921-1923) the press underwent the rigors of "revolutionary" treatment: printing works and offices of opposition papers were looted or set on fire; editors and correspondents were beaten, wounded, banished, killed; whole issues were set on fire as they left the press, or in the railway stations; news agents were threatened and beaten and their kiosks burned.

On July 15, 1923, "normalization" began. The King, "prisoner of war," signed a decree under which the prefect of a province may warn a newspaper to change its attitude, if, in his opinion, the paper

> (a) By means of false or tendencious news may hamper the diplomatic action of the Government in its foreign relations, or damage the national credit at home or abroad, or arouse baseless alarm among the people, or incite to any breach of the peace;
>
> (b) By articles, comments, notes, titles, illustrations, or vignettes instigates to crimes, or excites class hatred or disobedience of the laws or of the authorities, or undermines the discipline in the public services, or serves the interests of foreign states, authorities, or individuals to the detriment of Italian interests, or disparages the country, the King, the Royal Family, the High Pontiff, the religion of the state, the institutions and the powers of the state and friendly Powers.

If the paper is warned twice in one year the prefect may forbid the editor to continue in office, even if there has never been a conviction against him, and may refuse to authorize any new editor. If the prefect approves none of the editors proposed the paper is not suppressed, but it cannot be published. This decree was signed by the King in defiance of the constitution, Article 28 of which reads as follows: "The press shall be free, but the law may suppress abuses of this freedom"; and Article 3 of which decrees that the legislative power shall be exercised collectively by the King and the two chambers, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. To this first irregularity a second was added: Mussolini kept the royal decree in his desk for a year before publishing it. Thus the King initiated a new practice, that of issuing a *lettre de cachet* against the constitution to be used by the Prime Minister when he thinks fit.

After the Matteotti murder Mussolini judged that the moment had arrived to make use of the *lettre de cachet* obtained a year previously. But he found that it was not enough. And so the King meekly signed another decree on July 10, 1924, empowering the prefects to confiscate any issue of a paper, without bringing any charge before the court.

Confiscation is a much more serious matter than censorship. The censor suppresses an article before it is printed. Confiscation takes place when the paper has already been produced. It means loss of material, labor, and capital. The loss may be very considerable in the case of the big papers. A newspaper is never safe from confiscation, even when reproducing news from another paper which was not confiscated. On September 5, 1925, the liberal *Subalpino* of Cuneo was confiscated. After the confiscation the paper brought out a second, expurgated edition. The prefect confiscated this edition also. A third edition was then published, completely blank except for the advertisements; and this again the prefect confiscated. An issue passed by a prefect in one province may be confiscated by the prefect in another province. The *Avanti* was confiscated 100 times during 1925—every third day. The Government thus ruins the opposition papers. It is not open suppression; it is silent, stealthy suffocation.

But a newspaper, even though crippled, is still a newspaper. The Italian reader is able to read between the lines, to interpret silences, to grasp the slightest allusions. An opposition paper continues to be effective as such even if it says nothing at all. Therefore the first two decrees showed themselves powerless to stifle opposition.

On December 30, 1924, the Home Secretary, Signor Federzoni, discovered in the text of the old law of local government a certain Paragraph 3 which authorizes the prefects of the provinces to "take emergency measures when necessary to maintain public peace." This clause had never in seventy years been interpreted as including the control of the press. The freedom of the press was regulated by other laws which were regarded as an essential part of the constitution, and was only under the jurisdiction of the magistracy. In December, 1924, it was discovered that the press might disturb the public peace, and the prefects were authorized to take any measures they thought fit to muzzle it. As soon as any paper tried to publish news that could endanger public peace the prefects might confiscate the issue and even forbid the printing of the paper.

At Bergamo in February, 1925, a paper was confiscated on account of a certain article. A second edition was brought out with a blank space where the article had been. This edition was confiscated because this blank space might have "aroused excitement among the readers by giving the impression that the freedom of the press did not exist in Italy." A circular of the Home Secretary sent to the prefects on January 7, 1926, explains that in ordering the confiscation of a newspaper issue they need not trouble whether a news item is false or true:

> It is absurd to be obliged to investigate whether the news which might disturb the public peace is correct or not before taking the necessary steps to maintain order. The preservation of order is an elementary and primary duty of every government, and is independent of any opinion that may be held as to the bad faith of the person who endangers order.

After this last discovery there could be no need for further measures; but the "new Fascist state" always needs new measures. When the "normalizing" powers of the prefects did not suffice, the "revolutionary" activities of the Fascists came into play. On September 25, 1925, the delegate of the Fascist Central Executive in Piedmont sent the following ukase to the editor of the liberal *Progresso*, of Dronero, in the province of Cuneo:

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> There have fallen into my hands certain numbers of your libelous paper containing articles which do not please me at all. They do not please me because they are false and malevolent. Accordingly as a Fascist I warn you to put an end to your stupid campaign. Do not imagine that because you live or rather vegetate some distance from the center you will enjoy immunity. Your turn will come.

On October 2, 1925, the executive of the Parma Fascio, learning that the *Piccolo*, a newspaper which had been suppressed, was about to reappear under another name, published the following ukase:

> The executive of the Parma Fascio, learning that the ill-famed paper which was the organ of the Freemasons and Bolshevists of Parma is about to appear under another name, interprets this attempt as a challenge, and gives notice that the challenge will be taken up by all the Fascists of the province of Parma.

In November, 1925, after the discovery of the so-called Zaniboni plot, a new wave of revolutionary Fascism arose and "normalization" was even more severely imposed. Four newspapers were officially suspended for twenty days—*Giustizia, Avanti, Voce Republicana,* and *Unità;* four other papers were not officially suspended, because they were so prudent that there was no pretext for striking at them; but the police did not allow them to appear. These were the Genoa *Lavoro* and the Rome *Mondo, Popolo,* and *Risorgimento.* As this was the time when subscriptions are collected and advertising contracts renewed, these suspensions meant certain death for the weaker papers. The *Popolo* (Christian Democrat) and *Giustizia* (Reformist Socialist) succumbed to the crisis. One of the subeditors of the *Lavoro,* Giovanni Ansaldo, a most cultivated and brilliant journalist who had already been beaten several times, had to resign before the paper was allowed to reappear. The *Mondo* and *Risorgimento* were confiscated for sixty-six days in succession, though they printed nothing but telegrams from the official agencies and articles reproduced from other newspapers.

Meanwhile a strategic operation on a large scale was carried out against the two greatest Italian newspapers, the *Stampa* and the *Corriere della Sera.* The *Stampa,* which had been officially suspended since the end of September, was allowed to resume publication only after dismissing its editorial staff. It ceased to be an opposition paper; it revealed its opposition character only by its colorlessness. Senator Albertini, editor of the *Corriere della Sera,* remained at his post notwithstanding a furious campaign of insults and threats launched against him. But the brothers Crespi, the largest shareholders in the paper, who were Fascists, discovered in their contract with Signor Albertini a technical flaw which enabled them to cancel it, so that on November 21, 1925, Signor Albertini had to go. Since then the *Corriere della Sera,* with an almost entirely new editorial staff, has been "fascistized," though it is not quite so wild as the other Fascist newspapers. At the same time, a large number of minor newspapers whose editors and staffs were accused of being anti-Fascist or too lukewarm in their Fascism were suspended, that is, in the circumstances, driven out of existence.

During this journalistic earthquake the Chamber and Senate were gravely discussing a new press law as if the preceding measures were not enough. The new law of December 31, 1925, provides that not only the prefects of the provinces, but the public prosecutor may prohibit the appearance of any paper which has been twice condemned for press offenses. Moreover, the printers are made liable for all fines incurred by the papers which they print. The printer thus becomes the censor of the editor. Finally, the law decrees that in every province there shall be a college of journalists*: "The editor of a paper shall be enrolled in the register of the college"; "the exercise of the journalist's profession is permitted only to those who are enrolled in the registers." This measure is linked up with the Trade Union Act, which accords legal recognition only to Fascist unions. On January 16, 1926, the secretary of the College of Journalists in Lombardy made the following promises:

> At the door of our college there will be a sentry who will say: "You are worthy"; "You are not worthy." I intend to carry through the revision of the register. The old register begins with two names which stand for a shameful past—the names of the brothers Albertini. We will begin by striking these out. No new papers shall be permitted to appear, nor shall the profession of journalism be farther carried on by certain persons whom only the generosity of our revolution refrained from nailing to the first gate-post.

In a word, not only may the prefect, not only may the public prosecutor, forbid any person to edit a newspaper, but the president or secretary of the college, by expunging a journalist's name from the register of his "college," may forbid him to exercise his profession.

In addition to these three official watch-dogs there is a whole kennel of lesser "revolutionary" dogs. For instance, on November 18, 1925, the chief of police of the province of Turin notified Piero Gobetti, a Turin publisher, of the following order from the prefect:

> In consideration of the relentlessly anti-national activity of Dr. Piero Gobetti, will you please warn him to give up all publishing.

This order of the prefect was not based upon any law, old or new, of the "Liberal state" or of the "Fascist state"; if it is an indication of the mentality of the provincial prefects it may be imagined what local Fascist leaders will do.

On January 16, 1926, the weekly *Roma Fascista* ordered a boycott of the satirical weekly *Becco Giallo* (Yellow Beak) and the plays of its editor, Signor Giannini:

> Angelo Musco (the manager of the theatrical company) is courteously but emphatically requested to give no more performances at the Teatro Nazionale of the works—imbecile stuff, at that—of that buccaneer Giannini or others of his band, or else the applause which he always gets will change into hissing.
>
> Fascists must not buy a single copy of the criminal paper. They must in every way prevent its circulation, especially by advice and persuasion.
>
> News agents, if they are Fascists, must refuse to sell it. If they are not Fascists, they must not display the paper: to show it may be regarded as provocative.
>
> Citizens must no longer read the *Becco Giallo* or carry it about ostentatiously with them. To display a copy of this infamous libel will be regarded as equivalent to wearing a red necktie or carrying a red handkerchief in the breast pocket.
>
> Fascist workers must watch that the *Becco Giallo* does not find its way into their workshops.
>
> Railway employees must not forward it from Rome station.

* The word "college" is here used in the same sense as in the "College of Cardinals."

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We know that on the morning on which the paper is issued there are persons (not news agents) who take copies about 5 or 6 a.m. into the working-class districts, where they are sold to subversive elements before confiscation has been carried out. These persons are warned that there are Roman Fascists who are also ready to get up at 4 a.m. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The *Becco Giallo* put up a further month's resistance. Then it ceased publication.

In the Genoa *Lavoro* there appeared on February 12, 1926, a ukase of the Fascist Federation of Imperia, warning the non-Fascist paper *Eco della Riviera* of San Remo, "on no account to touch on matters affecting Fascism on pain of suppression."

The following is a ukase from the Secretary of the Fascist Federation of the province of Ravenna:

Ravenna, 10 (September, 1926)

Confidential, personal, urgent.

From the *Voce Republicana* we learn that in certain localities some persons are agreeing to the proposal of contributing a day's wages in support of the paper. The utmost vigilance and the most vigorous measures are needed to prevent the paper from realizing its object. These instructions are equivalent to a definite order to all members of our organizations, from the highest to the lowest.

PASSARETTI, Federal Secretary

It goes without saying that the "new Fascist state" is not content to take all measures, both "revolutionary" and "normalizing," in defense of its existence. It also concocts a whole body of doctrine to bolster up its practices. The *Tevere*, a Fascist paper of Rome, writes on December 7, 1925:

The state controls schools so that these may always be patriotic. The newspapers are also schools of character, lecture rooms of daily teaching, pulpits for preaching. It is necessary, therefore, for the state to control the work of the newspapers and assure to itself a body of journalists worthy of the tremendous task intrusted to them, namely, that of directing public opinion "nationally." The schools and the press are the two forges in which the new Italy must be tempered.

The *Roma Fascista*, October 1, 1926, remarked that *Il Mondo* of September 30 had refrained from commenting on the meeting between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mussolini at Leghorn:

The eyes of the whole world were concentrated yesterday on the yacht anchored in Leghorn harbor—of all the world except *Il Mondo*. It ought to have been confiscated. There is a silence more damaging than outspoken criticism. The newspaper purchaser who spends his penny must not be cheated by the reticences of the journalist, or what is worse, artfully kept in the dark or insidiously poisoned with suspicions, insinuations, half hints. We demand measures against the silence of the press.

Under this hail of prohibitions, threats, and political "new thoughts," the papers held in suspicion by the Fascists were by October, 1926, reduced to twenty-seven for the whole of Italy; sixteen of these were dailies of which six were Liberal, six Christian Democrat, two Socialist, one Communist, and one Republican. After Anteo Zamboni's attempt on Mussolini's life (October 31, 1926) these last relics of non-official press have disappeared. All twenty-seven have been "suspended for an indefinite period." "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

The propagandist of the Fascist Government in England, Signor Villari, assures us that "these measures must be regarded as temporary, and intended to tide over a period of an exceptional nature. No doubt when more normal conditions return the Government will find it possible to abrogate or attenuate these restrictions." But in the Senate on December 16, 1925, Senator Tamassia, speaking on the Press Bill before the Chamber, said:

If the Government had asked for preventive censorship to be applied for six months, for a year or two years, I could have recognized that we are living at a time when the country is and feels itself in travail. But what we are asked to vote for today is a permanent measure which separates us from the rest of Europe. [Murmurs.]

MUSSOLINI: No, no!

TAMASSIA: There is only one country in Europe like Italy in this respect, and that is Russia.

MUSSOLINI: You make a mistake, there is also England.

Signor Grandi, Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, also declared, in an interview with the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, January 24, 1926, that the new Fascist press laws are the same as in England. Both the correspondent and the editor of the *Morning Post* reproduced this assertion in all seriousness. Who knows how many of the British Fascists, who read the *Morning Post*, are convinced that in Fascist Italy the press is no less free than it is in England?

Two Blocks from Broadway

By HARBOR ALLEN

THE conservative portion of the public likes to explain the increasing violence of the police during recent industrial disturbances by the "revolutionary" character of the strikes and by the assertion that the strikers are foreigners with "subversive and un-American" ideas. The police, they assert, are justified in protecting, by violence if necessary, American property and institutions against these dangerous immigrants.

Unfortunately for this argument the situation in the paper box makers' strike in New York City is reversed. Most of the 3,000 workers on strike are American born, while most of the employers are foreign. Yet, in no recent strike outside of Passaic have the police been more aggressive in wielding clubs and fists, more blatant in supporting the side of the employer.

To protest against this campaign of violence by the police the American Civil Liberties Union recently submitted to Mayor James J. Walker a brief urging an investigation of the charges made by strikers in fourteen affidavits. One striker says that his front teeth were knocked out by a blow from a policeman. A girl swears that she was badly bruised when an officer struck her with a chair. Two men assert that they were arrested and fined on trumped-up charges. A policeman is accused by witnesses of chasing children from the street by brandishing his pistol. A picket states that he was dragged into a shop and there pummeled by a policeman. The writer himself saw police within two blocks of Broadway swinging their clubs to break up an orderly line of picketers, mostly girls of high-school age. One of them was severely beaten on the shoulders. Police ride on all the delivery trucks and have gone so far as to load and unload boxes and drive cars carrying strike-

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breakers. The organ of the National Paper Box Manufacturers was evidently not indulging its fancy when it announced, before the strike was actually called:

> The union met with entirely new conditions this year when they called members on strike, for the box manufacturers in the Greater New York territory have become organized and the Greater New York Paper Box Manufacturers' Association formed for the purpose of treating labor difficulties. The association has the full cooperation of the Police Department and is making a strong front against the striking workers.

The action of the Civil Liberties Union, followed some weeks later by a vigorous reprimand from Judge Simpson in the Magistrate's Court, has lessened for the time being at least the more violent manifestations of police sympathy with the employers.

The paper box makers' union is four years old. This is their first general strike. Through the pressure of the union, agreements were signed with 150 shops whereby wages were somewhat stabilized and work during the slack summer months was divided among all the workers. Last July the union and the manufacturers' association quarreled over the question of pay for the Fourth of July holiday. In ten of the shops the girls walked out and the employers were forced to yield. The rift, however, led to a long series of negotiations during which the manufacturers' association, taking advantage of the slack season when non-union labor is easy to hire, attempted to force the union to a new agreement less rigid than the old. This the union rejected. When the union sent its demands in September, the manufacturers' association declined to answer. On October 5 a general walkout was declared.

Conditions in the paper-box factories are primitive as in few other industries in New York. Many of the shops are in cellars innocent of sun or light. Poor ventilation keeps paper dust from the boxes filtering into the lungs of the workers. Cutting machines whirl knives which have no guards to protect the fingers of the operators. "There are few setter-ups who have their fingers whole," said one of them, showing his hand with a finger and a half missing. Ponderous presses clatter up and down, an open threat to unwary hands and feet. Glue drying on the hands of the girls results in severe cuts and blood poisoning. In none of the shops, most of which employ only 25 or 30 workers, is first aid or medical attention thought of. Subjected to a merciless speed-up system, the girls are in some shops docked for fifteen minutes if they leave their machines for even a moment during the day. Wages range from $8 to $25 a week, with the average at $16 to $18. Of the girls in the industry 53 per cent receive less than $16 a week.

The seven demands of the union are: Recognition of the organization; a 44-hour week; time and a half for overtime and double pay for Sunday; pay for five legal holidays; no discharge without just cause, justness of cause to be decided by a committee comprising the manufacturer, a union representative, and an impartial chairman; no raise of less than $5 a week; and a minimum scale running from $25 a week for helpers to $60 a week for mechanics. Twenty-two shops have already agreed to a 44-hour week and a five-dollar-a-week increase to all workers, with a pledge to accept whatever agreement is made with the remaining 120 shops.

During the ninth week of the strike a group of five ministers and a social worker offered to act as mediators. The union accepted. The Paper Box Manufacturers' Association of Greater New York, however, met the offer with a curt rebuff, declaring that they were not interested in anything but maintaining open shops. Since then one large shop has signed an agreement with the union. The rest are holding out through the slack season hoping that by February, when the trade is again in full swing, the workers will have been starved and pummeled and discouraged into submission. The most difficult problem the union must face is the relief of 3,000 men and girls whose wages have never been high enough to make it possible for them to save. More than 300 arrests with heavy fines and bail early in the struggle exhausted the treasury of the union, which otherwise would have been sufficient for a ten-weeks' strike; and the funds of other sympathetic unions are low owing to heavy strike expenses of their own. The courageous tenacity of the box makers has held their ranks together through fourteen weeks without work in the face of police brutality and judicial severity and an almost solid determination on the part of the employers to break both the strike and the union. Only physical collapse can prevent them from carrying the fight through the slack season to a final settlement; the union wants funds for relief and will receive them at its office at 701 Broadway.

The American God in Russia

By MARIAN TYLER

Archangelskoye, October 1, 1926

ROB a mystic of the object of his worship and he will find a new one. After the church had failed to prevent the war or the revolution or the famine Vassily Ivanovich bought a Fordson. But he was doomed to be unlucky in his gods. The Fordson broke down.

"What is the matter with your American machines?" he asked bitterly. "When my ox died my wife told me to buy another ox. I said no, I would get an American tractor that could not die. That was only three months ago, and now it is dead too."

The machinist from the American farm made an autopsy. Three connecting rods had broken, and several vital parts were replaced with bent nails.

"Why do you treat your tractor so badly?" he asked. "You would never let an ox get so sick."

"They told me machines don't get sick, but they lied to me. My wife was right. You can beat an ox and he will go. And it doesn't take five years to pay for him."

It was no easy task to mend Vassily's Fordson. It was in bad shape, and spare parts were not obtainable, but had to be cut new in the American machine shop. At last the tractor was repaired and returned to its owner. His faith was not restored, but it was corrected.

Machinery is not entirely new to Russian peasants. At seeding time and harvest old-fashioned machines appear in the fields. A local cooperative group has a huge, wooden, infinitely complex structure of pipes and wheels and belts that looks as if it might be used to make music in a circus. With it, fifty-seven workers can thresh a thousand poods of grain in a day. The Americans have a neat little machine which eight people can run, threshing two thousand poods a day. They have another with which three operators can cut and thresh a thousand poods, and skip the binding process altogether. This almost qualifies as a miracle.

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When there is more mechanized production in Russia the people will lose their superstitious emotion about it. Propinquity is fatal to gods. Gods live in heaven, and machines, as every one knows, live in America. Of course America is not considered heaven, politically almost the opposite, in fact; but there is an impression that when the god is transferred to Russia, heaven on earth will be accomplished. Meanwhile any American who appears is greeted as a prophet of machinery and technical efficiency.

To sustain this reputation, there is the rather self-centered American group in Moscow; there are the Kuzbas community, some religious farmers from Seattle, several technical groups sent over by the Society for Technical Aid, and this colony of twenty Americans in the north Caucasus, who for a year and a half have been running one of the large government farms with equipment bought through their New York organization, the Russian Reconstruction Farms. They have contended with pioneer conditions, the severest plague of locusts in fifty years, homesickness and disaffection among the less sturdy members, delayed salaries for the Americans, debts for equipment, and versts and versts of red tape.

The local officials are always glad to put obstacles in the way. On one side they are disappointed to find the articles of their mechanistic religion so natural and prosaic. On the other it probably hurts their pride to see these good-natured, energetic people doing more work and better work than they themselves. The Russian staff of the farms strut a little. They are thrilled when they can drive a shiny motor truck down the road and honk the two-wheeled carts of their neighbors imperiously out of the way. So the nearby villages feel a decided satisfaction in catching the Americans on a technicality, and the Americans frequently have to go to a higher authority. The last time there was a threat to put the selling agent in jail because a year before he had overstepped some rule which had since been changed. The situation was explained to the district judge, who sent his subordinate a somewhat unusual order to withdraw the charge and deliver all papers to the accused.

But if village officials are jealous, the higher-ups are more than friendly. A series of functionaries have made the painful journey on the Maxim Gorki, the local third-class train that bumps from village to village (getting its nickname from its wandering habits and its interior resemblance to a stage set for "The Lower Depths"), and reaches the farm at 4:30 a. m. After an inspection of the great fields, the mills and buildings, the shop, the harvesting machinery, and the records, the general verdict has been that the Americans' farm, though far from the largest of the government or concession sovhozes, is the best equipped and managed. Now that the first all-American crop has been harvested, results are beginning to show. The manager and machine experts have been called as consultants to other sovhozes that do not make expenses. The farm is an experiment station for testing seed and recommending procedure. Its shop is to be made one of the official service stations for farm machinery, supplied with plenty of spare parts for Vassily Ivanovich's tractor. Last summer it trained a class of twenty boys from community farms and agricultural schools, who will go back as experts to a dozen different provinces. Ten of the little "hooligans," the homeless boys with criminal records who are terrorizing Moscow, have been given jobs on the farm. With occasional minor lapses they are behaving like honest citizens. There has been too much farming and milling, rebuilding and pioneering so far, and too little money, to let the colony begin its model workers' quarters, or its ambitious social program for the village; but with its left hand, so to speak, it has already improved roads, extended its electric system to several village centers, and conducted a clinic.

The American enterprise includes two farms. One of them the peasants still call Plakseika, the Place of Tears. Its old owner was noted for his cruelty in a country of cruel landlords; he made his serfs stand in icy water to dig his canal in the dead of winter. But the old name only emphasizes the different present. Five minutes from Plakseika by motor or half an hour on foot is the village square, a wide trampled space among the sprawling mud huts, where in summer evenings the young people dance to an accordeon, and where the boys play a strange game that they call football. On one side of the space is the huge wooden church, a mass of little green domes bristling with slender brass crosses like lightning rods. Across the square is the American machine shop, along with the office, the living quarters, the clinic, and other buildings connected with the farms. Cars dart in and out, tractors shoulder their way home from the fields, and the machine shop hums steadily all day and half the night.

The sexton ostentatiously rings the church bell as often and as long as possible. He begins summoning the faithful to the Sunday service before daylight Saturday morning. But it is a losing battle.

In the Driftway

THE returns from the questionnaire on religion, recently printed by newspapers in nearly 200 cities, are being used, as statistics always are, to prove almost anything that anybody wants to demonstrate. Unfortunately the Drifter hasn't anything in that connection that he wants to demonstrate, but he notes that 77 per cent of those who answered the questionnaire stated themselves to be active members of some church, while, according to Charles Stelzle, who directed the test in behalf of the Church Advertising Department of the International Advertising Association, church members constitute only 43 per cent of the population of the United States. In other words, the proportion of church members who answered the questionnaire was almost double the ratio that such persons bear to the entire community and helps to explain why the returns showed so high a percentage of religious belief. Mr. Stelzle offsets this by saying that the questionnaire was answered chiefly in the cities and that church membership in the latter is much stronger than in the rural regions, where it amounts to only 20 per cent of the population. Doubtless there is something in this, but Mr. Stelzle will have to marshal more detail in order to make his point in the face of his own statistics.

* * * * *

BUT for fear that he will be accused of trying, after all, to demonstrate something from the questionnaire, the Drifter hastens to say that what most interests him is how the churches are going to use the returns to further their work—the announced purpose of the test. It is to be hoped, for instance, that the result will not lead to an extension of the method of attracting church advertising used by the Elizabeth (New Jersey) *Daily Journal* and tacitly sponsored by all the religious organizations whose notices appear on

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the page. A recent copy of the newspaper carries the following little sermon in large type at the head of its Saturday page of church advertising:

> Roger Babson made a most interesting study of the success of the sons of ministers of the gospel, in connection with the stock from which millionaires come. He found that the son of a preacher—and this is from a man who deals in statistics constantly—is 275 times as likely to become a millionaire as a person of the average parentage.
>
> Or, if you wish, obtain a copy of "Who's Who," and check up on the number of illustrious men in all walks of life who are the sons of preachers. He there shows success 16 times more than the sons of any other profession.
>
> Why is this?
>
> Isn't it because character is the foundation of success, and because religious training is a wonderfully good foundation in the building of character?
>
> No doubt there are other factors that contribute to the success of the sons of preachers, but none of us would doubt, surely, that a thorough religious training—which produces an ability to understand other people through the habit of sympathizing with them—is one of the most important contributing causes.
>
> Are your children in *Church*, in Sunday School? Do you have a religious atmosphere in your home?
>
> If not, you are not giving your children the chance they should have. You are leaving something out of their lives which they will need.
>
> Lead the way to *Church*. Take the children. See that they are in Sunday School.

* * * * *

IF this is the religion of those who answered the recent questionnaire, then their belief is not so much in Jehovah as in the Great God Prosperity. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

These Modern Husbands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For these many years I have listened, sympathetically, to the addresses, remarks, ideas, and emotional expressions of my women friends upon the theme of a better life for their sex. But along with this sympathy I have developed a growing annoyance at certain of their assumptions. They seem to say something like this: Persons of the female sex reach maturity with longings for high adventure, with ideals for social service, with dreams of noble marriage and motherhood, but, by peculiar conventions of society which apply only to them, they are hindered from attaining such goals. To the overwhelming majority of women careers involving adventure and real human service are closed. Marriage falls far below its reputed position; indeed, it involves such drudgery as wilts the flower of womanhood. Child-bearing adds an additional strain on the physical and mental life, altering the entire personality. Thus the female of the species finds life more deadly than the male. To men, on the contrary, are open careers of romance, adventure, and large contribution to social progress. Marriage and fatherhood rest lightly upon their shoulders, without producing any serious handicaps. No wonder that every woman wishes she had been born a man!

But a youth, as well as a maiden, may enter upon matrimony with romantic ideals, only to have them shattered by experience. I came up to my mating-time with ideals concerning the place of religion in the home, concerning child discipline and education, and other intangibles of daily relationship. Just how it happened I cannot say, but these ideals have not blossomed into family habits. Marriage for me has been far from a failure, but also far from the success I dreamed.

Then there is the reflex of the effect of our marriage and of motherhood on my wife. I have seen coming over her many of the changes of which the feminists write: the loss of vitality, the slavery to household tasks, a tendency to chronic irritation and suspicion, a dangerous illness.

Thus as the years slip by, I see my life falling far short of the mark set for it, and my wife's life loaded beyond its capacity with responsibility and nerve strain and unhappiness. I see my children growing up wholesome, yet without certain finer influences that were exerted by my own father and mother. Whatever the future may offer, it will never again give me back the last decade and a half. Who shall say that a man's grief may not be as poignant as a woman's?

My work, congenial as work goes, has involved a large element of drudgery. It is a mistake for women to assume that men have no share of this. Even if it has been a kind master, the job has enslaved me. For the sake of those economically dependent upon me, independence, desires, and sometimes ideals must be put in the discard. I find my enthusiasms dimming, my objectives disappearing, my interests dying.

In youth and early manhood I took life seriously; now in midchannel it rests on me more lightly. I am infected by the spirit that is in modern youth, but I am no longer young, and the conventions and duties of marriage do not permit one to behave too frivolously. For the first time, and far too late in life, I long to sow a (carefully selected) crop of wild oats. I should like to have one (or more) passionate love affairs. But every intimation of forbidden romance must be regarded as a danger signal. I should like to embark upon some voyage of adventure to the South Seas. Instead I commute daily to the city. I should like to stop earning a living and engage in scientific research with an old pal of mine. Actually the field of research is limited to the discovery of a way to secure a more adequate income for the growing family.

I am not arguing that life is harder on men than on women. I merely assert that life, from a masculine standpoint, is not necessarily that unending round of Sunday dinners without dishwashing, that ever verdant series of love affairs without responsibility, that continuous vaudeville of adventure and daring which literary ladies sometimes imply it to be. Many of the problems which your modern women assume to be peculiar to their sex confront all human beings—problems of inner conflict, of attempted adjustment, of advancing age. There is no salvation in being born a male.

San Francisco, California, December 28 A HUSBAND

In Grandmother's Name

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I rise in protest! That a "feminist" should consider it necessary to write an article explaining Why I Earn My Own Living is ridiculous. How else could a *feminist* obtain a living? And that *The Nation* should publish articles so pointless, so self-centered, so visionless, and so absurd makes one wonder if you are engaging in a campaign to make feminism ridiculous.

In the name of our gray-haired grandmothers, let us have done with this nonsense! Are women who stand on their own feet such curiosities and anomalies that we must be forever explaining their why and wherefore?

Berkeley, California, December 20 GRACE MAUL

Modern Standards in Crime

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Should not the penal laws be rewritten so that the written laws conform to the code as practiced? I suggest:

The payment of $100,000 or more to members of the Cabinet to induce such members to give away government

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property without consideration is illegal. Penalty: Indictment, trial, publicity, and acquittal (Doheny, Fall).

The payment of substantial sums to members of the Cabinet or Alien Property Custodians to restrain them from performing their duty is illegal. Penalty: Indictment, trial, publicity, and freedom (Daugherty, Miller).

The kissing of girls without their consent by privates of the United States Infantry is illegal. Penalty: Dishonorable discharge and ten years' imprisonment.

O'Dell Malone and Olin Shafer, privates of the 17th Infantry, Fort Crook, Nebraska, charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and bringing disgrace on the service for forcibly kissing girls, were sentenced to dishonorable discharge and ten years' imprisonment.

Brooklyn, December 24 MAX HERZFELD

He Stays in Wall Street's America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you please publish the following as one answer to Mr. Moorehead's question appearing in the November 25 issue of *The Nation?* Please do not publish my name, but use only my initials. I am a government clerk.

Chicago, December 18 R. P. F.

MR. W. K. MOOREHEAD,
Andover, Massachusetts.

SIR: In answer to your question as to whether or not "any reader of *The Nation* is willing to renounce citizenship in our 'capitalistic state,' go to Russia, and reside there permanently":

If by "Russian regime" is meant communism and the establishment of a temporary proletariat's dictatorship, my answer is that I, as an advocate of communism and an admirer of the Russian regime, am not willing and see no necessity for renouncing my citizenship in Wall Street's America, but rather, I shall stay here and use what little effort I have, in cooperation with other American communists, in an endeavor to transform this capitalistic state into a socialistic state.

Chicago, December 18 R. P. F.

A Challenge to Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Before the war liberals could cite the gradual weakening of the power of the Czar's government as proof of the inefficacy of political terrorism, but the spectacular success of the Russian Communists in quelling all serious opposition seems to have demonstrated that terrorism is completely effective, provided that it is efficiently applied. Naturally this is the conclusion of capitalistic groups who favor repressive methods, and liberals now have no effective argument with which to oppose this conclusion. Consequently, those who believe in liberalism will continue to be severely handicapped in their fight against political intolerance until the Russian Communists are either ousted by a successful counter-revolution, or prove to the world that their continuance in power is not dependent upon their system of political terrorism.

Oak Park, Illinois, December 24 BENJAMIN P. NORTON

"By and Large"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through forty years of reading *The Nation* I have come to hold in high estimation its feeling for language. So I am coming to you for light. Three letters came to my desk today containing the phrase "By and large." It has come to my attention many times before, but three times in one mail is going strong. The phrase is most offensive to my ear—and conveys no clear idea to my mind. I have a faint idea of what it intends to convey, though it is not sharply defined apparently in usage; but I am utterly at a loss to justify or defend the locution. Do you know anything of its history? Is it idiomatic in any sense? Is there any authority for it outside of Babbittry?

Baltimore, Maryland, December 22

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER

[The phrase is older than Babbitt. The New English Dictionary runs it back to 1669, when it was used, as it has since been used on the sea, to mean "into the wind and off it"—or, in landsman's language, "from all angles," "from all points of view," "first and last." Just when the phrase came on land as a metaphor the dictionary does not say, nor do we know. Does any reader?—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Mr. Stieglitz and Mr. Pach

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe *The Nation* is interested in the truth. My attention has been called to an article on Brancusi, signed by Walter Pach, in *The Nation*, December 1, 1926. Mr. Pach's opening sentence reads:

> In 1913, when the Armory Show gave to America its first sight of the post-impressionist schools, etc.

Matisse was introduced to America at 291 Fifth Avenue in 1908; the post-impressionists Maurer, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, Marius De Zayas in 1909; Max Weber, Arthur G. Dove, Cézanne lithographs, Henri Rousseau's paintings and drawings in 1910; Cézanne's water-colors and Picasso in 1911; sculpture of Matisse in 1912, etc., etc.

The history of these shows, attended by more than 60,000 people *before the Armory Show*, is recorded in *Camera Work*, to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Cubists, Post-Impressionism," by Arthur Jerome Eddy, published by A. C. McClurg, 1914, states:

> During a number of years prior to 1913 Alfred Stieglitz gave exhibitions of extreme modern work in his Small Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue, New York, and the International was the outcome, the logical culmination of these earlier efforts.

Royal Cortissoz, "Personalities in Art," page 419, says he saw at 291 "pioneering exhibitions of Matisse, John Marin, Marius De Zayas, Max Weber, Picabia, Brancusi, Picasso, Gino Severini and so on."

Sheldon Cheney, "A Primer of Modern Art," page 232, calls 291 "an oasis in New York for many years. . . . Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso . . . were introduced to America . . . like . . . Henri Rousseau, De Zayas," etc.

New York, December 23, 1926 ALFRED STIEGLITZ

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alfred Stieglitz's "tiny laboratory," as he calls it, could not and did not give the country as a whole a sight of the post-impressionist schools, although important work in forming a nucleus of appreciation for them was done at 291. Mr. Stieglitz's very valuable exhibitions at 291 were visited principally by a public already familiar with the modern men, as were the artists who gave the Armory Show. "America," to repeat the word which justifies my sentence, was unaware of the existence of the later schools, and it was at the Armory Show in New York, Chicago, and Boston that America, as distinguished from the frequenters of the laboratory, got its first sight of works like Brancusi's Mlle Pogany and Duchamp's Nude Descending a Staircase. Had the title of my article been The History of the Development of Knowledge of Modern Art in America it would have been a pleasure to record Mr. Stieglitz's share in the matter.

New York, December 25 WALTER PACH

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Books and Plays

Self

By WITTER BYNNER

If you were beside me now
  With the setting sun!—
And yet there is room in the evening
  For only one,
And for only one when the dawn
  Is turning white,
And for only one in the day,
  And in the night.

First Glance

PADRAIC COLUM as a writer about contemporary Ireland has certain qualities which, since they do not correspond to the conventional notion of what a poet's writing about Ireland should be, probably do not make this portion of his work widely popular. Yet they are sterling qualities, and so far as I know they are unique. They are —to name only two of them, and to take for granted the warm, sensitive mind which Mr. Colum's pages always reveal—honesty and completeness within the limits of his observation. Mr. Colum's prose plays, three of which have recently been reprinted in this country, contain, I imagine, as much essential Ireland as any three plays by Yeats or Synge; and this in spite of the fact that there is no Celtic business in them. They are sober studies, and the characters all speak as if they were the inhabitants of a material land—speak to the imagination, however, and to the emotions, quite as directly as anybody's Deirdre in these days has done.

It is, of course, the oldest and the newest Ireland—"the historic Irish people"—that Mr. Colum is describing in "The Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan: $4). But while he gives as rich a sense as anyone could give of the depth of legend lying back of the race, it is the people over there now that he has his eye on. He begins, it is true, after an enumeration of the things he saw from a certain road in the Midlands, with a bit of vision: "It was, of course, a chance lighting that made all of these significant, that blent them so that they appeared to form, not merely an Irish landscape but a cycle of Irish history—the lighting gave them that timeless aspect that is in the scenes left by the great painters." But as one goes on with the journey one knows that Mr. Colum has never succumbed to illusion any more than he has refused to acknowledge its power. Other marvelously lighted landscapes come along; tinkers are met, and blind poets, and simple fiddlers. None of these things, however, is more interesting to Mr. Colum than the showing so far made by the cooperative stores in Donegal. We get, alongside of charming chapters on Ryan the fiddler and Raftery the poet, equally charming chapters —though the effect is not the same—on the economics of the Congested Districts and on the sociology of the American quota law. Instead of ecstasies about the Irish language we get figures on the comparative vocabularies of Irish and English countrypeople—the Irish have perhaps 5,000 words, the English perhaps 500. We become convinced, in short, of the reality of Mr. Colum's people; and all the while we lose no portion of our conviction, built up for us by older and mistier authors, that these people have more than their share of the mind's gifts. I have not spoken of Mr. Colum's brilliant sections on individuals like Padraic Pearse and Roger Casement. There is too much to speak of in so generous and patient a book.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Beginning and End of Marriage

The Outline of Marriage. By Floyd Dell. The American Birth Control League. 25 cents.

AS MIGHT be expected, an "Outline of Marriage," published by a society for the propaganda of birth control, makes its first and best point in connection with the extra-reproductive as well as the reproductive uses of marriage. As could also be anticipated, an "Outline of Marriage" by Floyd Dell is cleverly written, and written with all Mr. Dell's known capacity for posing his problem in its most effective perspective for his own generation. Having produced an average member of that generation to state the immediate case for marriage, Mr. Dell proceeds to evoke witnesses such as the biologist, the biochemist, and others to elucidate the origin and evolution of what is generally known as the sex impulse.

What the author sets out to do, and succeeds in doing simply and convincingly, is to rid that impulse of its gathered overtones of propriety and traditionalism, and to restate it in that impersonal light in which all biologic impulses must be stated before they can be effectually used as guides to behavior. Mr. Dell makes so excellent a case for the reproductive instinct in primary life forms, and for its relation to what later can be described as "sex-behavior," that it would be an esteemed service to our time if he could be persuaded to put the first part of his thesis into permanent shape, somewhat extended for the sake of those who need what he has to say and who cannot yet take it in the concentrated scientific form of many of his arguments.

But no sooner has Mr. Dell arrived at the insect stage of life and reproductive evolution than he jumps a little matter of twenty million years or so to the Borneo boy, from which point he proceeds without once returning on his track to cover the missing interval. And yet it is within this overlooked period that the most significant features of our human sexual life took their rise. Here began the specialization of sex-behavior as the species mark, and the whole scale of psychological reactions which are differentiated under the general term "love" and its by-product, jealousy. At no point does Mr. Dell attempt to describe the species-sex-behavior for *homo sapiens*, nor to locate its point of departure from that of other mammalia. Nor can one accept his anthropologist as an entirely competent witness to the tribal phase of the evolution of marriage. He is not even an up-to-date anthropologist, and he accepts too many of Mr. Dell's own prepossessions about the part played by psychology in the evolution of marriage custom.

Mr. Dell's anthropologist accepts Freud's "Totem and Taboo" at fourth hand; for Dr. Freud himself collected it at second and third hand from books some of which have been superseded and practically all of which were compiled from anthropological data collected before any of our modern psychological science had been applied to such study. It is, in fact, only since Freud's "Totem and Taboo" appeared that any really revealing and sociologically reliable study of totemism has been made. Much the same sort of thing can be said of Westermarck's work on human marriage. Monumental for its time, it must be borne in mind that since Westermarck's time the tremendous bulk of data drawn from intensive studies of the American tribes has profoundly altered many of our anthropo-

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logical concepts in regard to the origin of human institutions. Another item overlooked by the anthropologist who assists Mr. Dell's "Outline" is that practically all of the available data have been collected by men, and that nowhere is there to be found a scientifically compiled Women's Lore of Love which goes further back than the Ghost of Queen Elinor raised by Mr. Dell for his purpose. For the Greek ladies whom he cites had nothing to say publicly on the subject. The best item in this part of the "Outline" is the delineation of the part played in modern marriage by the historic enslavement of women.

If one feels, then, that the second half of Mr. Dell's "Outline" is a little thin—I have just explained that there isn't any middle—it can scarcely be called Mr. Dell's fault. Very much work remains to be done covering the interval between the specialization of mating habits as a species mark—or should one say, near-mark?—and the modern situation before anything like a considered outline can be offered. Mr. Dell has neatly, and one suspects correctly, closed his sketch of marriage on the modern triumph over the reproductive instinct by the discovery of birth control. The contraceptive device is probably the weapon with which the human race will free itself from the nearly insupportable pressure of instincts that have outlived their biologic function. But it by no means closes the adventure of mating, nor does it cover more than a small arc of the range of problems both social and personal which spring in the nature of things from the married relation. Nevertheless, Mr. Dell's pamphlet takes us competently over the first stage of the evolutionary process, and evokes confident anticipation of a final and structurally sustained complete outline.

MARY AUSTIN

The Scandal of the Sects

Twelve Modern Apostles and Their Creeds. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

THE original apostles were interested in telling why they were Christians. Modern apostles seem to be interested in telling why they are something else. Twelve such apostles here set forth and vindicate their differences one from another, and all from Christ. Gilbert K. Chesterton proclaims "that Catholicism is true"; others say or suggest the same for Episcopalianism, Lutheranism, Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Christian Science, Mormonism, etc. The Nazarene would hardly know what any of them are talking about except, possibly, the "unbeliever," Carl Van Doren, who seems concerned with such curiously untheological matters as honesty, truth, and a better world.

It is interesting to note that the majority of these sectarians are what they are because they were born that way. Chesterton, to be sure, speaks of his "conversion"; Dr. Jefferson "decided to become a Congregationalist"; Dr. Crothers "ceased to be a Presbyterian—uniting with the Unitarian church"; Clifford Smith "read the New Testament—[and] then became interested in Christian Science"; Carl Van Doren cries out, "Let us be honest." But all the rest, seven of the twelve, are of the same breed with "the true-born Englishman," Ralph Rackstraw, in "Pinafore," who

> —might have been a Roosian,
> A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
> Or perhaps Italian!
> But in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations,
> He remains an Englishman!
> Hurrah!

"I was born in the Episcopal church," says Bishop Slattery; "I am a Presbyterian by inheritance," says Dr. Coffin; "I was born one," says Reed Smoot, the Mormon. Which suggests to the true Gilbertian that, if these eminent religionists had been "exchanged in childhood's happy hour," like Ralph Rackstraw and Captain Corcoran of H. M. S. Pinafore, Senator Smoot would now be President of the Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Coffin Bishop-coadjutor of Massachusetts, and Dr. Slattery one of the Mormon elders.

But suppose that churches were exchanged, rather than men! Would it make any difference? Not much, apparently, except in the extreme cases. Chesterton (Catholic), Smith (Christian Scientist), Smoot (Mormon), and one or two others say distinctive things. But—Dr. Coffin hails Presbyterianism because it represents "a combination of local freedom with a unifying organization"; Dr. Mullins defends the Baptist church because it "conserves the freedom of faith"; Dr. North is well content with the Methodist church because "within [its] organization there is freedom"; Dr. Jefferson was won to Congregationalism because of "the freedom which [it] offers." They all seem to agree pretty much, even on the matter of sectarianism, of which many of them are heartily ashamed, and church unity, which most of them ardently desire. Thus, Bishop Slattery prays for "the single fellowship of the one Church of the Living God"; Dr. Coffin says that "it is not easy to discover the distinctive characteristics of our existing Protestant communions," and is "resolved to seek to end barriers"; Dr. Söderblom would have all men overcome sectarianism, and unite "around the Cross"; Dr. Crothers wants to belong to "the Holy Catholic Church," and longs for "the organization of the religious life in a more inclusive way." With such unanimity of sentiment among the divided churches, one may well ask, Why not stay where you are born? But one may equally well ask, Why have such divisions at all? Why not get together? Dr. Coffin, who seems more sensitive to the scandal of denominationalism than most of the others, says that he hopes to live to see a "more inclusive organic union among the churches of the United States," and vows that he is "ready to do [his] utmost for its accomplishment." "I am a Presbyterian only temporarily," is his word. But "temporarily" has thus far meant, and seems yet to mean, "eternally" for him! Why delay? What does "the utmost" for the accomplishment of "union among the churches" mean, if not active leadership in casting aside sectarian bonds?

As an exhibition of the state of Christendom today, this book is pretty pathetic. Tradition, inheritance, habit, inertia, conformity, content stalk like ghosts through its pages. I am no unbeliever; I have a religion that Mr. Van Doren knows nothing of. But as between his confession and the apologies of the churchmen, I would choose the former every time. Fortunately, no such choice is necessary!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Process of John Erskine

Galahad. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE critical assurances about "Galahad" and "Helen" have been numerous, easy, and irrelevant. We have been told, for instance, that Mr. Erskine's novels are witty, that they are daring even to the point of offending rabbis, that they cast an oblique light on cherished conventions, that they bring mythic figures up to date. Some of these things are true; some are false; none are important.

Essentially it is quite insignificant whether Mr. Erskine's ideas are old or new, good or bad, daring or conventional. The point is that he actually has them, that he really has nothing else. And therewith he bucks the entire tradition of the American novel, which from "The Scarlet Letter" to "An American Tragedy" has based itself on *feeling*. (Even Melville, the most intellectual of them all, shrank from the open play of ideas and shrouded a metaphysical passion in a cloud of symbolism.) This emotional-sentimental convention is a necessary accompaniment of a frontier community like America; heretofore it has been violated only by those who have definitely reacted against the pioneer spirit—witness Henry James. But now, with "Galahad," we seem to hear the accents of a new declaration of independence. Here, in this book, is one of the first examples

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of an American *roman cérébrale;* and more than the mere label links Mr. Erskine with those French practitioners, such as André Gide, who are endeavoring to reduce the novel to a new aesthetic pattern whose form shall be as adequate for the expression of pure ideas as was the Platonic dialogue.

One thing will strike the critical reader of "Galahad" immediately—it is a book stripped clean of emotion. For anyone seeking passion and sentiment, great moments, drama, it will prove about as exciting as a well-played game of chess. A romantic myth, originally full of color and heart-burning, is presented with an ironical quietness. This is no easy thing to do. It amounts to a simple and curt refusal to dramatize any dramatic situation, such as that in which the first Elaine falls in love with Lancelot and conceives the idea of bearing a child by him. But the reader must not deceive himself: there has been dramatization and emotionalization. The point is that the reader is not assistant at the process. *All of it has already gone on in the mind of the author.* By a curious and ingenious reversal of the Aristotelian formula, the pity and terror which are the components of drama are preliminarily experienced by Mr. Erskine himself. Availing himself of the ordinary mechanism of the sympathetic artist, he lives through the emotions of his characters, purges himself of the attendant excitements; but only when the catharsis is completed does he sit down to write. What is the result? The end-product is a calm and low-toned conversation, in which human relationships are purified of everything but an intellectual residuum. Nevertheless, this residuum is not utterly pure, for it is tinctured, not with emotion but with its twin brother, misunderstanding. The characters in "Galahad" cannot properly be said to *feel*—but they are so far reminiscent of a precreational state of emotional bewilderment as to be incapable of comprehending each other immediately.

With this problem facing him, the author is compelled to construct a new aesthetic form to serve as an adequate vehicle of expression. The pattern of the story is determined by a graduated series of intellectual clarifications which are analogous to the successive crises of the usual romantic novel. For example, Guinevere terminates a conversation with Lancelot as follows: "Ordinarily this would have been a quarrel, Lancelot. Instead it has been an exchange of ideas." Now, whether they are conscious of it or not, all the characters are striving to attain to the state in which Guinevere and Lancelot find themselves. The culmination of any relationship is "an exchange of ideas." Some reach this point sooner, some later. Galahad, for example, reaches it last of all, and so he becomes a sort of suffering protagonist, except that his agony is entirely mental and his problem is purely a problem of comprehension. Because of the unique position he thus occupies in the story the book is named after him rather than after Guinevere or Lancelot. It will be understood, as a corollary to the foregoing analysis, that in "Galahad" there can be no such thing as "dramatic restraint," a favorite tag of literary reviewers. There is no dramatic restraint because there is no drama and because there is no restraint. On the contrary there is the diametrically opposed quality of intelligent expression.

Our interpretation can now help us to understand why Mr. Erskine should select his material from myth rather than from the contemporary world. It should be made clear at the outset that he is not the cheap vulgarian his admirers would make him out to be. Though "Helen of Troy" seems at first blush to belie the statement, he is not primarily interested in anything so facile as making his characters "talk like modern men and women." Any fool can modernize a myth; it takes an artist to universalize it by making it the basis of a purely ideational realm. Why then do we have ancient Greece and misty Camelot, and, it is rumored, the Garden of Eden? Assuredly not that we may rediscover our contemporaries in an antique mirror. That is a child's game and it is not the game Mr. Erskine would have us play. On the contrary, he chooses his remote backgrounds in order that both he and his readers may be thereby assisted to the necessary intellectual detachment. By placing his characters in a mythical context he hopes to *destroy* any incursion of contemporaneity, to alienate us from anything but an abstract environment capable of engendering abstract ideas. That is why his people have absolutely no mannerisms of speech. Like the characters in Euripides, they all talk the same language.

From this viewpoint, "Galahad" stands out as a much finer because formally purer book than its predecessor. The story itself has less romantic glamor about it; there is no glorious Helen to enmesh our sympathies and thus confuse the clarity of our perceptions. The legend unfolds in a clear dry light. Its charm consists in the enjoyable apprehension we have of a form which is actually based on a continuous mental process. Our delight consists in the eagerness with which we follow each character in his progress from misunderstanding to lucid cerebration.

At present it looks as though Mr. Erskine were the only intelligible practicing aesthetician in the field of the American novel. He is one of those rare artists who can pose a new problem and invent a new form to resolve that problem. That he should be read by 100,000 good citizens of the republic is a masterpiece of irony which the author, more than anyone else, is in a good position to appreciate.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

A Welter of Witches

The History of Witchcraft and Demonology. By Montague Summers. The History of Civilization Series. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

"IT IS quite impossible to appreciate and understand the true lives of men and women in Elizabethan and Stuart England, in the France of Louis XIII and his son, in the Italy of the Renaissance and the Catholic Reaction—to name but three countries and a few definite periods—unless we have some realization of the part that witchcraft played in those ages amid the affairs of these kingdoms." With this attitude of the author one may essentially agree, as also with his view that the Elizabethan dramatists were believers in the reality of witchcraft and magic. Overdrawn, but containing a certain amount of truth, is his identification of persons accused of witchcraft with social pests and parasites, poisoners, blackmailers, charlatans, bawds, abortionists, and other ministers to vice. One could wish that he had presented more specific evidence in support of this view.

But the Reverend Montague Summers goes much farther. He believes that among the persons who were burned as witches—or who should have been, in his opinion, but escaped detection or punishment—were "devotees of a loathly and obscene creed . . . members of a powerful secret organization inimical to church and state." He holds that "satanists yet celebrate the black mass in London, Brighton, Paris, Lyons, Bruges, Berlin, Milan, and alas! in Rome itself. Both South America and Canada are thus polluted." Although admitting the existence of manifold deception and imposture, he nevertheless finds a large element of truth in the evidence that was accumulated during the period of the witchcraft delusion. He is willing to grant that women did not actually fly to the witches' sabbats on broomsticks, but he believes in the possibility of levitation. He maintains the existence, both past and present, of witches, sabbats, contracts with Satan, and cases of diabolic possession. "Keen intelligences and shrewd investigators," he says, "such as Gregory XV, Bodin, Guazzo, De Lancre, D'Espagnet, La Reynie, Boyle, Sir Matthew Hale, Glanvill, were neither deceivers nor deceived." Yet we know that such men were deceived and that they misled others in matters such as astrology and alchemy, in their notions concerning nature and occult properties, and in many another error and superstition. For example, "Salt never appeared at the witches' table. Bodin gives as the reason that it

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is an emblem of eternity." "Cum grano salis" would not be bad seasoning for the perusal of Mr. Summers's work.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" appears to be the attitude of this book, with its mention in the dedication of "all the Italian and French madonnas at whose shrines we have worshiped." It would restore the days of the witchcraft delusion and put us back into the mental attitude of the church fathers. And like them it is determined not to be "culpably prudish" in detailing the abominations of witches, "the filth and foulest passions of the age." The author further gives us to understand, although he may be ill-advised in this, that his position is that of the Roman Catholic church today. He translates from the Roman Ritual the actual Form of Exorcising the Possessed in present use, and describes the medals of St. Benedict employed against evil spirits and "first authoritatively approved by Benedict XIV in his briefs of 23 December, 1741, and 12 March, 1742."

The book is not a history in the sense of connected chronological narrative. Rather the following topics are treated: The witch as a heretic and anarchist, worship of the witch, demons and familiars, the sabbat, the witch in Holy Writ, diabolic possession and modern spiritism, and the witch in dramatic literature. Even within the chapters the discussion is discursive and confusing. The author has a fairly readable style but lacks constructive ability in the development of a theme and jumps from one period or thing to another in a most disconcerting manner. And he keeps arguing in season and out of season for the reality of witchcraft. "The lady protests too much, methinks."

At first glance the book gives the impression of considerable erudition, with its equipment of footnotes and long bibliography. But my experience in reading it has been that whenever I came to an interesting assertion of fact or a doubtful asseveration and looked for a means of verification or a reference to the original source, none was given. Moreover, such references as these from page 78 are entirely inadequate, giving no page or even no title:

> 33. Philip Schaff, "History of the Christian Church."
> 34. Matthew Paris, "Chronica Minora."
> 35. J. P. Kirsch.

A protest must be uttered against the relegating of the notes to the close of each chapter, thereby wasting the reader's time and giving him endless trouble and annoyance, especially since the name of the author of a work cited is often not given in the note, making it the more difficult to connect it with the text. Little evidence is given of new research by the author or of new ideas on his part, and it is hard to see how the volume adds anything to the previous works in the field. The views of Manicheans, Waldensians, and Albigensians are grossly misrepresented. It is asserted that the charge against the Templars of celebrating a blasphemous mass was "established beyond any question or doubt"! In short, except for a few useful titles in the bibliography, it does not appear that any serious historical use can be made of this farrago from the literature of witchcraft, while it is to be hoped that it may not come to prurient and superstitious ears, though they, too, would probably be disappointed in it. Finally, surprise and regret must be expressed that such a work should appear in a series on the history of civilization and under the consulting editorship, if not the aegis, of a student of intellectual history.

LYNN THORNDIKE

The Universe Made Familiar

The Nature of the World and Man. By Sixteen Members of the Faculty of the University of Chicago. University of Chicago Press. $4.

THE stated purpose of this collaborative book is "to present an outline of our knowledge of the physical and biological world, and to show the position of man in the universe in which he lives." Again, "it aims to assist the individual in the very important problem of forming well-defined conceptions of the cosmos and of his relation to it." There is no question that we need to democratize and humanize the newer knowledge of man and the world he lives in; for modern society, in its political and social organization, does not encourage despotisms founded on scientific knowledge. If we are to make use of our knowledge it must be through a spreading of that knowledge as widely as possible and, perhaps, as soon as possible.

The present volume, which will be followed by a similar one on the social sciences, covers that vast program of evolution which Spencer attempted to survey somewhat speculatively—from astronomy to the origin and early stages of the earth; from geology, the forms of energy, and chemistry to the nature and origin of life. Then the forms of life—from bacteria to plants, invertebrates, vertebrates, and finally man. Man is treated from several angles, both anthropological and historical.

Granted the interest of the student, all that might be hoped for will probably follow. And, granted lively teachers in the course for which the book is designed, that necessary interest will be forthcoming. For the story is well told, well illustrated, and well colored with human significance. Certainly the volume is accurate; the names of the various contributors guarantee that. Certainly it is interesting and readable, and popular without being diluted. There are few paragraphs or few arguments which require any great effort, provided the reader has once been caught by the fascination of the theme as a whole.

I have already indicated the one criticism which it is fair to make: the book does suppose something of a preexistent interest. Is it asking too much that such a book as this contain some appeal to the needs and the fundamental drives of the human animal? The opening pages of the first essay, that on astronomy, written by Professor Moulton, do to some extent make more than academic appeal, but this note is not carried out in the whole essay or repeated by the rest. In a word, the book has a certain austerity. If we are to humanize and democratize knowledge, then we must use the technique needed for that purpose. The laws of learning are the laws of learning, and must be taken into account quite as much as the laws of gravitation or the dynamics of living matter.

DANIEL BELL LEARY

Sir Hubert Parry

Hubert Parry, His Life and Works. By Charles L. Graves. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $12.50.

SIR HUBERT PARRY will be long remembered, not only as one of the leaders of Victorian English music and the Director of the Royal College of Music, London, not only as one of the most truly English of composers, especially in choral works, not only even as author of perhaps the best introduction to music in the English language ("The Evolution of the Art of Music"), but, as the present book abundantly illustrates, as a human being of rare and fine quality: honest, fearless, magnanimous, wholly free from snobbery, and endearingly subject to prejudice though always seeking the truth with the full devotion of his candid, thorough, and often boldly original mind.

He was of impulsive, almost violent temperament, a reckless motorist and yachtsman, intense in his admirations (as for example for Bach, about whom he has written one of his best books), and, what does not always follow but is in the best English tradition, fearless in the exposure and denunciation of what he considered evil (compare, for instance, the chapters on the Influence of Audiences on Taste in his "Style in Musical Art"). Few musicians have ever been as intensely in earnest as Parry, and it is not too much to say that his earnestness has, directly and indirectly, raised the whole tone of the musical profession. Born of the upper circle, he was early revolted by its idleness and snobbery. Artistic pretense he disliked as much as social; he called a well-known essayist "the most foul-mouthed, con-

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ceited, toadying little snob" he had ever met. The same honesty of mind forced him out of conventional church connections, even at the risk of the loss of his inheritance through the shock given his father; he said it "made him squirm to hear all these people complacently call themselves 'miserable sinners.'"

Parry's love of children reminds one of Brahms. "I once saw him arrive unexpectedly," records Sir William Richmond, "in the middle of a very dull children's party. The whole atmosphere changed; he ran round the room on all fours; all the children seemed suddenly to come alive, yelled and shrieked with laughter, and the awful failure of the party was turned into a tremendous success." He was wholly free from highbrowism, the artistic analogue of snobbery, whatever those may think who have carelessly read his merciless attacks on cheap, pretentious, or sensational music. His daughter tells of his delight in some mandolin players at the hotel in Taormina. "In the same hotel," she says, "was a well-known artist full of learned and pedantic talk about music, who had neither the courage nor the flair to recognize it outside an orthodox tradition. He would run away affectedly holding his ears when the orchestra began, and was much provoked when my father said they were 'astonishing,' or 'wonderful,' and praised their 'jolly tone.'" On a first hearing of Boris Godounov he notes in his diary: "A glimpse from a new region altogether. I enjoyed it thoroughly throughout. Music mostly barbaric with its constant reiteration of short figures—wonderfully effective." Yet of Strauss's "Legend of Joseph" his verdict is "Quite disgusted—vulgar, stupid, and lascivious, without any spring in it."

The growth in grasp, reach, and sweetness of Parry's mind as he matured is exhibited in the summary of "Instinct and Character," a work, still unpublished, to which he devoted his last years. Few artists of any sort, and fewer musicians, are capable of the tolerance this intolerant youth at last attained. Mr. Graves thus summarizes his analysis of ultra-modern excesses: "The lesson of the age of inventions was to discredit all feeling and sentiment. . . . Excessive preoccupation with special activities fosters the predominance of the self-against-all-else instinct, especially among the undeveloped masses. Hence raucous self-assertion, obscene gestures, contempt for lovely things and noble creations of art, and the desire to abolish them." "Hubert Parry," adds Graves, "excuses this attitude. The offenders never had the chance to understand this beauty. They know no better; the fault is not theirs; they had been trodden down, and signalize their emancipation by an orgy of earthly pleasures and crude excitements." Parry remarks in this work: "The mind that has the widest range tries to see into the mind that has the least." The generosity and the humanity of the sentiment is not more characteristic than the reticence and almost studied freedom from "big talk" with which it is expressed.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Books in Brief

Read 'Em and Weep. The Songs You Forgot to Remember. By Sigmund Spaeth. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.

A valuable collection, with both words and music, of the most grotesque of our fathers' and grandfathers' favorites at the piano or in the music hall. The first is Yankee Doodle and the last is The Curse of an Aching Heart, and in between come many songs which one supposed one would never see in print. Mr. Spaeth's remarks as he goes along date quite as definitely as his material does. His only advantage—now—is that he dates from 1926.

Amy Lowell: A Critical Study. By Clement Wood. Harold Vinal. $2.50.

Many shrewd and wicked things are very well said in this first study to be made of the late Miss Lowell. Mr. Wood is so totally without sympathy for his subject that he has not always understanding; but he has made a good beginning in that process of reduction which will be necessary before we know what of Miss Lowell is worth preserving.

Lee: A Dramatic Poem. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A study in verse not so much of Lee as of liberty. Mr. Masters has taken the leader of the Confederacy as a symbol of the free soul battling vainly to retain the conditions of its freedom. The Civil War becomes here an issue between an old way of life and a new technique of tyranny—the technique we have now come to know as industrialism. If Lee and his fellows know more of the future in this poem than in reality they did, it does not matter. Mr. Masters has added a philosophical poem of genuine depth and power to American literature.

Letters of a Roman Gentleman. Selected from the Correspondence of Cicero and translated by Arthur Patch McKinlay. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

There could be no more agreeable introduction than this to a Roman author who, after several decades of being discounted for his unoriginality, seems to be coming into his own on other counts.

The Tailor of Mount Holly: John Woolman. By F. V. Morley. London: Friends Book Center. 6d.

A pleasant introduction, through quotation and comment, to one of the best of eighteenth-century American writers.

Stories and Dramas. By Leo N. Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Mrs. Lydia Turin, Mrs. H. M. Lucas, and C. J. Hogarth. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

These twelve unpublished stories and sketches and this full-length play ("The Contaminated Family") come to America from Moscow through Paris. Dating all the way from 1851 to 1910, they are an important addition to Tolstoy literature, though their intrinsic value is uneven.

The Story of the Inns of Court. By Sir D. Plunkett Barton, Charles Benham and Francis Watt. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $5.

A notably readable account of the slow growth of London's most baffling institution. It is the second to appear within a year.

The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite. By Frank Sullivan. Boni and Liveright. $2.

The outlandish non-sequiturs of Mr. Sullivan, who regales the readers of the New York *World*, have at last attained the dignity of book form. Mr. Sullivan, like all violent fun-makers, falls very far when he misses the mark, though at his best he is gorgeous.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926 and Yearbook of American Poetry. Sesquicentennial Edition. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. $4.

The fattest of these annual volumes to date. The introductory matter, consisting of fourteen essays by various hands surveying the American output today, fills almost 200 pages; and at the end, after the usual tabulations, is a "Who's Who" of living American poets.

Johnny Appleseed. The True Story of Jonathan Chapman, 1775-1846. By the grandson of one who knew him well, James Lattimore Himrod. Chicago: Chicago Historical Society. 25 cents.

An interesting contribution to the literature of an interesting American legend. Chapman, the Middle Western St. Francis, here is given, in addition to a narrative and critical account of very slight proportions, a bibliography which will be of real value in the further development of his legend.

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Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY CARL VAN DOREN

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
Jefferson. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. By Charles Seymour. Houghton Mifflin.
Edgar Allan Poe. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Knopf.
Israfel. By Hervey Allen. Doran.
You Can't Win. By Jack Black. Macmillan.
Guy de Maupassant. By Ernest Boyd. Knopf.
New England in the Republic. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown.
The Mauve Decade. By Thomas Beer. Knopf.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
International Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. Century.
Virgin Spain. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright.
Today and Tomorrow. By Henry Ford. Doubleday, Page.
The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper.
Notes on Democracy. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Heart of Emerson's Journals. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin.
The Golden Day. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright.
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Psychology and Ethnology. By W. H. R. Rivers. Harcourt, Brace.
The Arcturus Adventure. By William Beebe. Putnam.
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Lee. By Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan.
The Second Book of Negro Spirituals. By James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson. Viking.
Collected Poems. By James Stephens. Macmillan.
William. By E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace.
The Orphan Angel. By Elinor Wylie. Knopf.
Nigger Heaven. By Carl Van Vechten. Knopf.
The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking.
The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page.
Tar, a Midwest Childhood. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.
Lolly Willowes. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking.
The Silver Stallion. By James Branch Cabell. McBride.
The Love Nest and Other Stories. By Ring Lardner. Scribner.
The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite. By Frank Sullivan. Boni and Liveright.

Drama

An Elegant Comedy

THE much-heralded Guitrys have arrived and begun their season at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater. Thousands of tourists, returning from the now obligatory holiday in Paris, have acted as advance agents without salary and, thanks to them, the atmosphere of welcome has been prepared. Moreover, by virtue of that process which affects all imported goods, a pair of agreeable boulevard actors and a suave boulevard farce—"Mozart"—have become, on this side of the water, two distinguished Dramatic Artists appearing in a play which, if not exactly a dramatic masterpiece, is at least excruciatingly "je ne sais quoi." To admire it and them adequately is to give proof of an international culture. The very least that one can do is to admit that they really do order these things better in France; anything less than that is like to arouse the grave suspicion that one has never taken an apéritif at the Café de la Paix or an ice at the Napolitain, for what Guillaume Apollinaire is (or at least was) to the serious visitors on the left bank, the Guitrys are to the more worldly and yet discriminating denizens of the right. Even those who learned years ago that an enthusiasm for the Folies Bergère is a bit naive would no more miss seeing their latest success than they would fail to pay a visit to the establishment of Jeanne Lanvin or Jenny. Yet the cruel fact remains that the Guitrys are no more than the established favorites of a Parisian Broadway, as clever and as hollow in their particular way as our own popular entertainers are in theirs. If we had them constantly with us we would think of the one no more than we think of, let us say, Avery Hopwood, and we should not elevate the other above her due position as a graceful ingenue. But because the *faux bon* is always likely to appear for a time as the *vrai bon* if only it be in an unfamiliar tradition, we take them both with something approaching solemnity. They are, you know, so French.

But just what, after all, does this phrase mean when applied to things which are inevitably trivial, and why should it cause them to be considered important when they are merely a little exotic? The present play is a polite musical farce about an amorous young man who is labeled Mozart merely to give to the piece an air of significance which it does not have, and we may readily grant that we do not do this sort of thing quite so well here. It is more fluent, more subdued, and more "literary" than our farces are accustomed to be. It is quiet where ours would be raucous, it is well-bred where ours would be rowdy, and it is sedulously elegant. Without ever ceasing to be shallow and conventional it has a superficial air of being cultivated, and it is obviously sophisticated. One searches for an adjective which will just describe its air of smart refinement and one discovers that the adjective is "chic," while one is, at the same time, reminded that that is not a word which one applies to art of even the lighter kind—that it is, indeed, worse than mere vulgarity because while vulgarity may refine itself the merely chic is forever incapable of becoming anything else. Such a play as "Mozart" has, indeed, about the same relation to the drama as those elaborate perfume flasks which one sees in the best shops have to sculpture. Its virtues, that is to say, are the virtues which belong to the world of fashion, not the world of art, and the touch of distinction which it has is the distinction of a modish hat or a lip-stick. It is elegant as an evening wrap is elegant, charming as a piece of lingerie is charming; it is as refined as a powder puff. One admires it as one admires the appointments of a toilet table, and one yawns as one would yawn in an art gallery arranged to suit the taste of a couturière. Undoubtedly they order all these things better in France, but the question, so far as art is concerned, is the question whether or not it is worth while to order them at all.

Ziegfeld's "Betsy" (New Amsterdam Theater) is an elaborate, standardized revue, starring Belle Baker and enlivened with one scene—that devoted to the Harmonica Orchestra—which persistently stops the show. "Peggy Ann" (Vanderbilt Theater) is a musical comedy made from the old farce "Tillie's Nightmare," and not more than sporadically amusing. At the Lyceum E. H. Sothern is appearing in a rather ponderous comedy called "What Never Dies," and at the Booth Otis Skinner is reviving "The Honor of the Family," an old-fashioned play made interesting by his extraordinarily vigorous and ingratiating performance. But perhaps, after all, the best theatrical entertainment of the holiday week was that of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," given by Tony Sarg's unusually agile marionettes (Edith Totten Theater).

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The sixth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first five, mail this announcement and sixty cents. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will point out in The Nation *the significance of these anonymous articles.*

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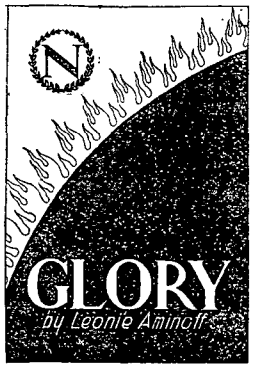

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International Relations Section

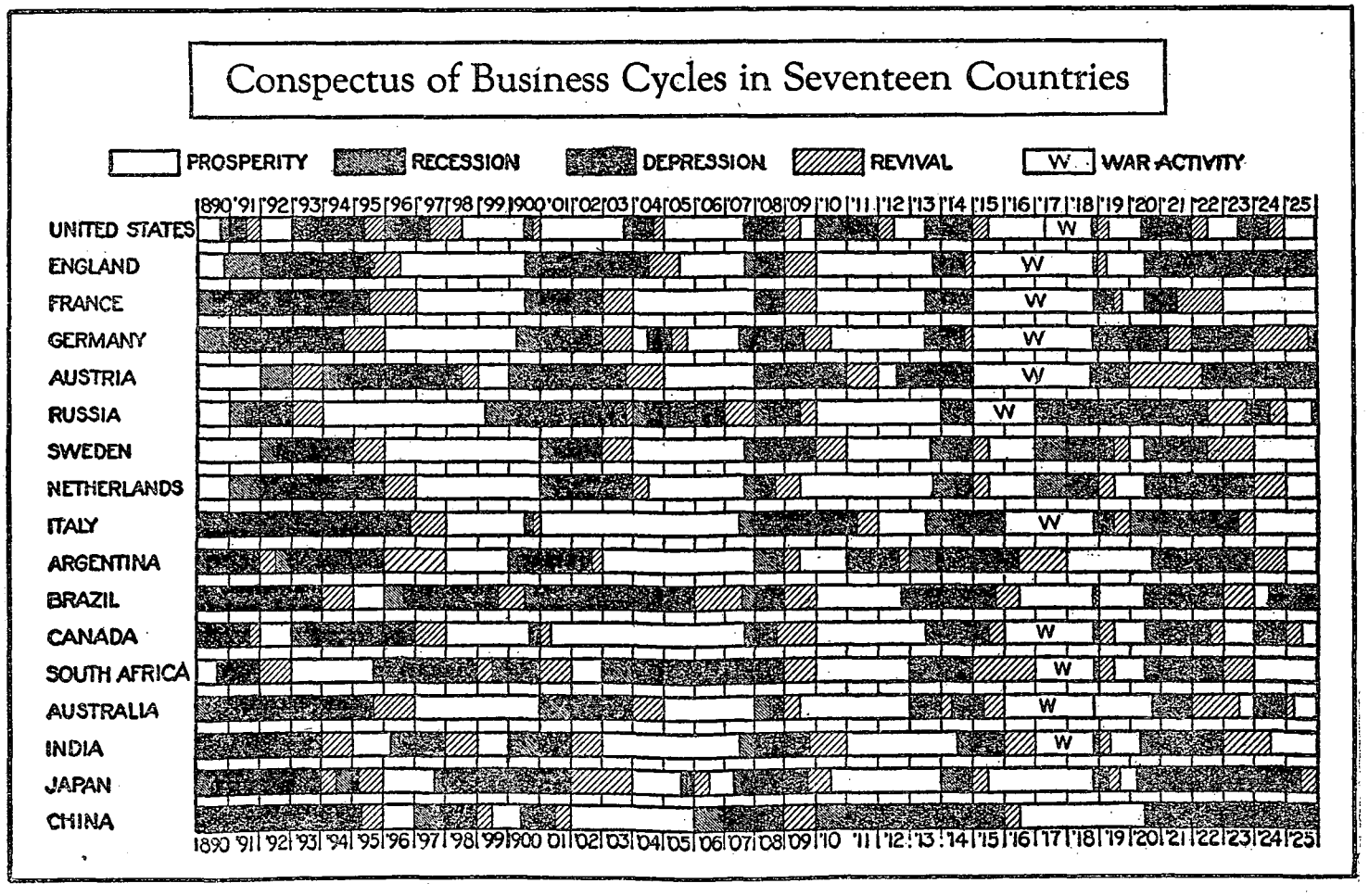
A Chart of World Business

By WESLEY MITCHELL

THE chart printed below shows how the fluctuating business fortunes of different nations are related to each other in the modern world. Seventeen countries from the four quarters of the globe are included. For each country there is a horizontal line picturing schematically the alternations of good and bad trade revealed by its business annals from 1890 to 1925. When these lines are put one above the other, the black spaces representing depression, and the white spaces representing prosperity, they form irregular vertical bands which run down the chart. The business fortunes of the seventeen countries seem to form an international pattern.

The early 1890's brought depression to the business world; the middle nineties brought recovery, the late nineties prosperity. In 1900-1901 there was a world-wide recession (least severe in the United States, Canada, and Italy), followed in 1901-1907 by depression, revival, boom, and a crisis. After a brief period of hard times in 1908-1909, world business recovered in 1909-1910, prospered in 1911-1912, and passed through the recession of 1913 into what promised to be a mild depression. The outbreak of war created enormous confusion in finance, and intensified the depression of business in general. But in most countries the insatiable demands of the war led to quick recovery. Then came the hectic period labeled on the chart "war activity"—a period which ended in 1917 among the European neutrals, and at the armistice among the belligerents. The post-war cycle was uncommonly short and uncommonly intense. The only countries which escaped the crisis of 1920 and the depression of 1921 were countries which had enjoyed no revival in 1919. In the last three or four years, business fortunes have diverged from each other more than for a generation previous. Presumably that divergence will prove to be short lived.

While the international pattern can be traced in the record of every country, even in China and Brazil, no country, not even England or the Netherlands, followed it without variation. Between the recessions which sweep over the globe, most countries now and then breed a domestic recession. American business has been most prolific of such home-made checks. Examples appear in 1893, 1896, 1903, 1910, and 1923. But the record shows that despite our continental spread, the variety of our resources, the richness of our home markets, and the aloofness of our foreign policy, the United States suffers a business reaction, slight or severe, every time that world business feels the shock either of good or bad times. Our isolation is less economic than geographic. Our periods of depression are usually periods when world business languishes, and our periods of prosperity are usually periods when world business flourishes.



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Winter Program—1927

American International Church
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ADDRESSES BY EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

DATE		SUBJECT
Jan.	2	"Resolutions for Radicals"
	9	"The Protestant Church and the American Labor Movement"
	16	*Address by Dr. Doychert*
	23	*Address by J. I. Lauffer*
	30	"What and Where Is God?"
Feb.	6	*To be Announced*
	13	"Where Would Lincoln Stand Today?"
	20	"The Ethics of Propaganda"
	27	"The Religious Sanctions of the Doctrine of Free Speech"
Mar.	6	"Why Man? The Divine Problem as Seen by the Christian Theist"
	13	"The Search for the Answer—The Drama of Evolution"
	20	"The Answer—Man and Beyond"
	27	*To be Announced*
Apr.	3	*Address by J. I. Lauffer*
	10	"Tired Radicals"
	17	"The Doctrine of the Cross"
	24	*To be Announced*
May	1	*Labor Temple Night with Special Program*

These addresses will be preceeded by a brief Organ Recital by Stanley A. Day, Labor Temple Organist. ADMISSION FREE

Labor Temple Forum
Sunday Evenings at 8:30

DATE		SPEAKER	SUBJECT
Jan.	2	Norman Thomas	"American Students and the American Labor Movement"
	9	Urbain LeDoux	"Unemployment, a National Crime"
	16	Joseph Lorraine	"Poe, the American Literary Genius"
	23	Rabbi Alex Lyons / Dr. John C. Herring	"Jew and Christian"
	30	Dr. Charles Fama	"Religion and the Fascisti"
Feb.	6	Morris Hillquit	"American Socialism Today"
	13	Hubert C. Herring	"The United States and Mexico"
	20	Marcial P. Lichauco	"The United States and the Philippines"
	27	Lewis Gannett	"The United States and China"
Mar.	6	Henry Sloane Coffin	"The Church and Human Progress"
	13	Judge Florence Allen	"Our Heritage"
	20	Fiorello H. LaGuardia	"Special Privilege, the Government and the People"
	27	Scott Nearing	"Where Is Civilization Going?"
Apr.	3	To be Announced	To be Announced
	10	To be Announced	To be Announced
	17	Harry F. Ward	"Economics and Religion"—1
	24	Harry F. Ward	"Economics and Religion"—2
May	1	Will Durant / Edmund B. Chaffee	Labor Temple Night

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Italian-Albanian Treaty

THE text of this treaty appeared in *Il Lavoro d'Italia* (Rome), December 2, 1926. It was signed at Tirana on November 27 by representatives of the two countries.

Italy and Albania, wishing, in consideration of their geographical position, to strengthen the reciprocal relations of friendship and security, and to contribute to the firmer establishment of peace;

Motivated by the desire of maintaining the political status quo of Albania, both judicially and territorially, within the limits of the treaties to which both are signatory, and in conformity with the Covenant of the League of Nations;

Have convened to draw up the present pact of friendship and security;

And have appointed for this purpose their plenipotentaries . . . who after having taken into consideration their full powers, which have been found to be in good and due form, have decreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. Italy and Albania recognize that any direct disturbance whatsoever of the political, judicial, or territorial status quo of Albania is contrary to their mutual political interests.

ART. 2. With a view to protecting the aforesaid interests, the High Contracting Parties pledge themselves to lend each other mutual support and cordial cooperation; they likewise pledge themselves to refrain from concluding with other Powers any political or military agreements prejudicial to the interests of the other party, which are also defined in the present agreement.

ART. 3. The High Contracting Parties pledge themselves to submit to a special procedure of conciliation or arbitration any questions which may arise to divide them, and which may have failed of solution through the ordinary diplomatic channels. The methods of procedure for this peaceful settlement shall be the object of a special convention which shall be drawn up within a brief period.

ART. 4. The present pact shall be binding for five years, and may be canceled or renewed one year before its termination.

ART. 5. The present pact shall be ratified and subsequently registered with the League of Nations. The ratifications shall be exchanged at Rome.

[Signed] POMPEO ALOISI, H. VRIONI

Contributors to This Issue

H. S. VILLARD is a young journalist of the third generation of his name.

ROBERT S. ALLEN is in the Washington news office of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

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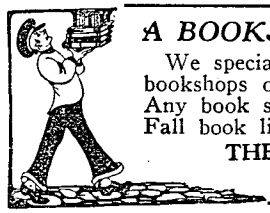

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